

THE CHOICEST BLENDS OF FICTION, FACT, FUN AND FEMALES

HI-LIFE

MARCH, 1958

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FIFTY CENTS

THE LIVE-IT-UP MAGAZINE FOR GENTLEMEN

WILLIAM SAROYAN
GUY DE MAUPASSANT
BEAUTIFUL KIM NOVAK
HI-LIFE'S FIRESIDE GIRL



THE BACHELOR'S SOLILOQUY

To wed or not to wed —

That is the question.

Whether 'tis better

To remain single

And disappoint a few women —

For a time;

Or marry

And disappoint one woman—

For life!

—Walter Pulitzer

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HI-LIFE

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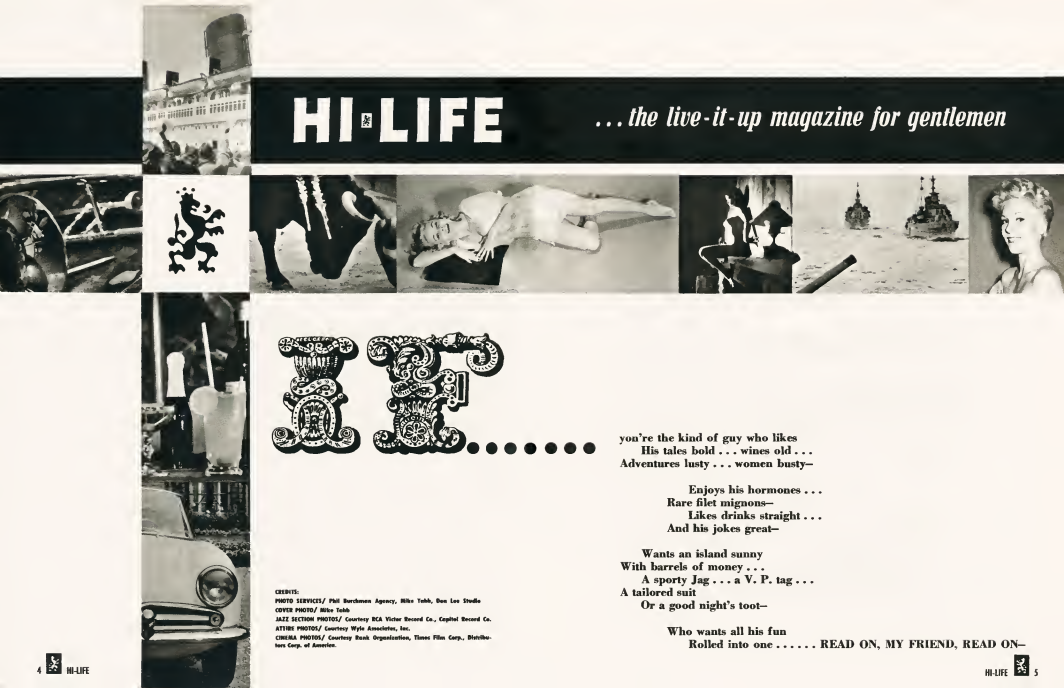
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HI-LIFE

... the live-it-up magazine for gentlemen



you're the kind of guy who likes
His tales bold ... wines old ...
Adventures lusty ... women busy—

Enjoys his hormones ...
Rare filet mignons—
Likes drinks straight ...
And his jokes great—

Wants an island sunny
With barrels of money ...
A sporty Jag ... a V. P. tag ...
A tailored suit
Or a good night's toot—

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Who wants all his fun
Rolled into one READ ON, MY FRIEND, READ ON—

• fiction by WILLIAM SAROYAN

ILLUSTRATION BY WALTER CRANE
VINTAGE OF 1892



Earth, Day, Night, Self



Sitting across the table from him, he listened to the girl talking, telling him something that involved each of them, something that had begun in him years ago and would never end, something in man... about the earth, being alive on it, going through days and nights, being something with substance and motion, oneself.

From the second-story window he saw a man riding a bicycle in the street

but he couldn't explain. He knew he didn't need to read, it was all there already, before him, both at night and during the day, and seeing everything he felt no need for the words. The things were the words themselves and he had eyes, he was seeing how it was, but they led him to a room full of desks and small boys and girls and they said, What is your name?

Oh, he said. You mean me? That

tail and eyes. That's all he knew, but it made her very angry and she showed him, and all the little boys and girls laughed at him. C-a-t cat, that wasn't so. The four legs walking quietly, that was the cat. Why were they making things up?

The worry got into his sleep, and he brought out the cat in his dream and he had it walk before the teacher. There, he said, there is the cat, not what you

... he laughed softly, touching the girl where it was growing, feeling fine!

... two wheels rolling on the levelness of the city and a man on it... the girl talking...

That must have been the year he had gone with his mother and father to the photographer's, the year he was nearly three. He didn't remember actually going, but he had the photograph, and in it he saw the tall man holding him in his arms, and his mother sitting beside the tall man, all of them smiling. It was the year his father was alive, smiling in the photograph.

The next thing he knew he was holding his mother's hand, walking in the night through the dark city, in the silence. Where are we going? he asked.

He did not remember an answer, and he continued to walk beside his mother, maybe four years old.

Night came and he sent his sadness into his sleep, weeping softly there without shedding tears.

Once he laughed, but it was not like laughing when you were awake. It was much bigger, it meant all sorts of things; it had to do with everything, and in his sleep he was afraid someone might hear him and ask why he was laughing... his mother might want to know, and he knew he wouldn't be able to tell her... but in his sleep he knew why he was laughing, where the laughter came from, what it meant, but it wasn't in language and it couldn't be said in words. It was there, though, the whole meaning for himself, the whole picture of the earth and man. To make him laugh.

One morning he found himself in a school building, staring at the board. To teach you to read, he heard. I don't want to read, he wanted to tell them,

lady, he wanted to say, she, the one that was here and went away, she is my mother. The tall man in the picture, who isn't living any more, he is my father. They call me John. John, he told them. My name is John. The other name is Melovich.

He sat down and forgot what happened for a month.

But the worry got into his sleep. About the other boys in the room, and something they meant to do about him. It was that they were thinking of him, in their own minds, seeing him with their eyes, destroying the secret. They were talking of him, and he didn't want anyone to do that. He wanted wholeness, to be alone solidly, not talked of, not seen, not recognized; but the boys had him in their minds. John, they said, how far is it to China? Of course he didn't know. Then one of the boys got on his hands and knees behind him, and another boy pushed him over, and the whole world went up-side down, and all the boys laughed at him and said: China is all the way around the world, ha ha ha.

Oh, I see, he thought. Games, they mean. I thought they meant China, but they mean to play. If you believe what they ask, if you notice the words, then they push you over, laughing at you. The words are not to be listened to. They are for the game, China, and over you go. I see, he thought. That is it.

Also, the teacher. She was angry about him. She said that he was stupid. It was because he wanted to know, because of the questions he was asking, and she made him stand in the corner. She said, C-a-t is cat, and he said: No, the cat is black hair and whiskers and

said. You see? The fur walking, and the eyes.

Then it was night and he was awake, standing in the street, looking up at the dark window of the place where he lived. The front door was locked and no one was in the house. He was in the street, crying. My mother, he said to the people who questioned him, she is not in there. He thought everything was going to fall to pieces, and he felt the bigness of the world, other people alive who were not related to him.

He didn't remember what finally happened. All he remembered was being in the dark street, crying to himself, feeling the whole thing breaking to pieces.

They taught him to read. It was silly, about a dog called Fido. That's all he remembered, a picture of a dog called Fido, and some print spelling words about the things. Fido could go. Bark, bow, wow, run and play, and so on. It was all pretty stupid, but it was what they were teaching in the school, so he tried to pretend that it made sense, and he tried hard not to ask too many questions.

He was sitting in a dark theatre beside his mother, looking at pictures of people moving quietly at the front of the theatre, touching one another, even with their lips, making faces, running, doing swift things, making a story. Then he saw the sea, and the sea did nothing. It was splendid, big and simple, so easy for him to believe, all that water, standing quietly, no words and no people making faces and running, all the water quietly. And the sea went into him, appearing again in his

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BAKER'S DOZEN

• humorous high adventure
by HALLAS HUNTER

Perhaps I should have believed the guy in the first place when he told me the whole fabulous story, but I sided with the other tellers at the bank and laughed my stupid head off every time he bubbled the tale. It was a real Lulu—and if you could see what a conservative square this Floyd Baker is, you'd think his tale was worth a good laugh, too. He always reminded me of a poor man's version of Alec Guinness.

I knew his story was just a lot of bull—at least until this morning when I decided to hang up a large four color

printed treatment of feminine pulchritude with dimensions 38-25-36 and a technical calendar portion about the size of a match book cover at the bottom of the picture.

I closed the door of my cage and unraveled the etching, feeling sure that the blonde in the Bikini and the tropical island background would add a little warm interest to all the dull, cold cash lying around the bank.

I had just finished pushing the thumbtack into my door when friend Floyd in the next cage peered through

the glass partition at my project. All hell broke loose! The moment he saw that picture of the dame he flipped his lid. It all happened so fast that I didn't have time to tell Mr. Elderberry, the bank president, what had made Floyd go berserk. Things were flying in all directions. Everybody in the lobby ducked or ran for cover. He was a mad man. It took a couple of burly cops tucked under his arm pits to drag him out of the bank into oblivion.

Mr. Elderberry was bowing and
(continued on next page)

Floyd Baker was just a normal guy like the rest of us, until a war, women and circumstances caught up with him

ILLUSTRATION BY IRV DOCKTOR



scraping and apologizing to his clientele in the lobby, frequently bobbing down to pick up some of the glittering nickels and pennies from the floor. Floyd had flung them through his glass window during the holocaust.

Floyd had recited that story about his war experiences in the Pacific so many times that I can almost hear him telling it to me again in his own words—

"I never pictured myself in a steel helmet and a khaki uniform with a matching automatic rifle, but there I was, Floyd Baker, PFC 7,693,714, Potterfield's contribution to the war effort, knee deep in muck and dead Japs on some Godforsaken island in the Pacific eleven thousand miles from home.

It was hot—hot as hell. Eight of us were cut off in a swamp during the night when the Japs charged our main line. We laid on our bellies in the stinking mud and waited for dawn. Daylight would tell us if we were surrounded by the Nips.

As soon as the sun came up, we found out—but fast! Charlie, Murphy, Bugs and Sarge—they got it quick. Moose and the kid—well—it wasn't a pretty sight. Frank and I were lucky. We hightailed it farther into that swamp and sweated it out for five lousy days and nights before the Yanks pushed the whole damned Imperial Japanese army into the sea.

The medics took one look at my swollen leg and sent me to surgery. I was still lucky, I guess. That Nip bullet had only poked a clean hole through my hip. Before I could say Potterfield, U.S.A., I found myself bandaged up and stowed aboard a big, dirty freighter in the harbor bound stateside with a cargo of war-weary GIs and six damned good looking army nurses just relieved of active duty.

Our old tub was the next to last ship in the convoy. Altogether there were about twenty ships. Freighters, transports, empty tankers—even a crippled destroyer, all heading for home.

After four days out, I had seen enough Pacific Ocean, tropical sunshine and just plain boredom to justifiably bludgeon to death the first travel agent I might meet in the United States when the war was over. The only interesting hobby I had aboard the good ship lollypop was sizing up the six GI nurses when they came topside for a stroll.

Mentally, I knew each one of them in a very intimate way. In my mind I had undressed each one of them a hundred times and bolstered my ego with the satisfaction that I had crawled under the sheets in heated passion with all six, one right after the other.

Like every other wounded GI, I had always been under the impression that the medical corps had deliberately hand-picked only the amazons and beasts for overseas nursing duty and kept the good lookers in their offices in Washington. But this was a phenomenon. Somebody in Washington had goofed! Here, all in one group, were six beauties, any one of whom could make the cover of a fifty cent gentleman's magazine.

Margo was a little Dutch number from Pennsylvania. Her hair was dark blonde and short. A little sophisticated, but determined in every action to have things her own damned way. Pat and Claire were dyed-in-the-wool brunettes and, from what I could see, were as different in character as Jekill and Hyde. They were always at each other's throats. It was plain that they resented each other. Probably because Pat was strictly New York stock and had had all her medical training on a couch after hours in the private office of Park Avenue's biggest MDs. . . . Claire was Florida stock and most likely had practiced under the same MDs when they arrived in Palm Beach for the winter.

Jerry was a canary yellow blonde who had eventually become tired of sleeping with a panda doll when she was seventeen. The way she filled her regulation jacket advanced her service ribbons a good six inches ahead of her. I wondered who the lucky colonel was who had pinned them on her.

Laura was the simple down-to-earth type. Brown hair, brown eyes, very conservative and probably hoarding a post-war idea of a rose covered cottage, dirty diapers and kissing hubby good-bye as he strutted off to a hot day at the button factory.

Florence was the deadliest of the lot. One look at her long, red hair, pussy cat eyes and that lily-white Texan complexion and there was no doubt but that she was *all* female. Now I know what Horace Greeley meant!

In addition to the captain's quarters, there were two cabins located just behind the pilot house. The girls occupied these. The rest of the ship, built by 1915 standards, had provided plenty of room for a cargo of bananas, bilge and crew quarters in the hold. Counting myself, there were sixty-four guys from my outfit cooped up down there. It wasn't much, but we called it home. Every churn from the engine room meant we were getting that much farther from our lousy past, that would someday be history.

If wishes were horses, every GI below deck would have taken a ride, for the main topic of conversation empha-

sized the *sex* part of the sextet of nurses in the cabins above. If the commanding officer ever took the "off limits" sign from their doors, I was sure I'd be the last guy aboard to get my hand on a cookie in that jar. . . . I guess I've always been a farm boy at heart.

It was getting dark when I hobbled up on the deck for a breath of fresh air. I scanned the horizon. It was calm and peaceful out there. I could see the black outline of the tanker tagging along behind us. From our port three larger cargo ships were skulking along in complete darkness. Far off the bow I could faintly make out silhouettes of the rest of the convoy. The two protecting destroyers flanking each side of our flotilla were completely shrouded by the darkness. I had an insecure feeling for a minute or two. . . . You know, the kind you get when walking through a graveyard at night.

I could hear the girls in their cabins humming to a Harry James record played on portable crank phonograph. Below deck, a couple of the boys would occasionally laugh or huckle a little too loudly for comfort during a card game or a bull session. It was the sound of men and women, ships and the South Seas—and a war lurking all around them.

I was just about to go below, when it happened! The orange flash came almost instantly and lighted the whole sky. The loud rumble that followed, shook the whole ship. The tanker directly behind us had taken a torpedo right in its belly.

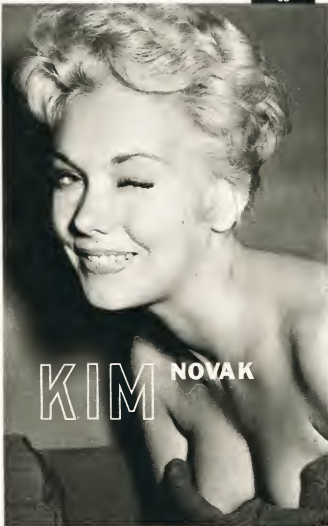
The Claxon horns on the destroyers let loose as a scatter warning to the convoy, and I could see one of them, clearly outlined by the inferno of the sinking tanker, swinging about with a full head of steam, going in to find the enemy sub.

She cut by our stern at full speed and was a few hundred yards behind us when two more deafening explosions turned the sky into a fiery glow. Two torpedoes had hit her magazines. What was left of her sank in a matter of seconds. Our alarm bells were clanging like mad. The crew was running all over the deck. I could feel the old scow picking up speed in a desperate effort to get the hell out of there, fast. The convoy had a wolf pack of Jap subs around it, and it was every ship for itself.

We zig-zagged a bastard course at full speed all night, hoping to shake any Jap sub commander that might be licking his chops at our expense. Old Captain Bligh in the wheelhouse thought more of saving his banana boat than

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The Girl With The Golden Body



KIM NOVAK



At the age of 19, Chicago-born Kim Novak won the dubious title of "Miss Deepfreeze" and toured the country promoting refrigerators. Today, at 24, *The Girl with the Golden Body* is a red-hot Hollywood property whom Columbia Pictures will reluctantly loan out to other companies for a reported \$250,000 to \$300,000 per picture.

That she has succeeded in rising to the top of the Hollywood heap is a tribute to her complex character—a character that has remained an enigma to producers, directors, co-workers and Kim Novak. Critics have already cited her as the current successor to the highly-coveted Hollywood crown once held by such celluloid vamps as Theda Bara, Jean Harlow, Ann Sheridan, Lana Turner and Rita Hayworth.

And what special attributes of *oomph* does Kim possess? Although she may look like the mythical girl next door to some observers, Kim's 5 foot-7 inch-125 pound frame has been cast in decidedly atypical roles. She might best be described as the girl next door with a cinematic monkey, or perhaps pink elephant, on her smooth-complexioned back. As the camera pans from her beautiful hazel eyes, that are often tinged with sadness, to her famous ash-blond hair, that is sometimes tinted with lavender, the audience can usually find her cast in "problem" roles of one kind or another.

Although she neither drinks nor smokes in real life, one of her most recent portrayals, in *Jeanne Eagels*, was that of a Broadway luminary of the roaring twenties who puffed and drank herself into oblivion with drugs and booze. From her first big role as an unhappy, love-torn small town girl in *Picnic*, through *The Man with the Golden Arm*, where she tried to nurse an incurable addict back to health, to *Pal Joey*, in which she is easy bait for a low down heel, Kim has run the gamut of emotions from A to Z.

To many minds a sex-symbol, Kim remains a sensitive and retiring girl off screen. In moments of anxiety, she has been known to ease her tensions by writing page-after-page of free verse, much of which is scribbled so fast that even she cannot understand it later. Although columnists and press agents have worked overtime to link her romantically with dozens of eligible men, Kim has no intention of getting married at the moment.

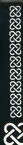
One of her most patient friends and pursuers is a 37-year-old businessman named Mac Krim... But to date Kim has shown no inclination to change her name to Kim Krim. She had a hard enough time retaining Novak as a surname when Columbia prexy Harry Cohn was building her into a star.

As successful as she has become, Kim is not secure in the heights to which she has risen. Born in the depression era on February 13, 1933, moviedom's latest siren with the fringe on top has worked hard to overcome the self-consciousness that has troubled her since childhood. Always seeking to improve herself, she took hours of singing and dancing lessons, in addition to her regular acting lessons, for her role in *Pal Joey*. Realizing that she is admired by the masses for her beauty (she receives on the average of 3500 fan letters per week), she has, nevertheless, striven to overcome her glamour label. Even though she may not yet be a brilliant actress, her ambition is to at all times be a good one.

But for all her feelings of inadequacy, she seems to have no reason to be afraid of her success. Her rise from a \$100 per week starlet to a full-fledged box-office attraction has been somewhat meteoric, and it proves that there is certainly more to Kim Novak than her immediate visual impact suggests!



*Kim—from cinema Cinderella
to Hollywood's golden girl
of box-office bonanzas*





The girl came walking sideways through the crowd around the bar at the Anchorage Night Club, got to my table, slid easily into a chair and said, "Hello, Bill."

I had never seen her before. She was a trim piece of flesh, damned desirable, not too tall and not too fat, a long-legged kid that I figured had just graduated from some expensive eastern

Piper Cub plane and operate a sweet little brushhopping business."

She hit it on the head. I had returned to Alaska a couple of years after my stint in the Air Corps during the war with enough money to buy an old Piper Cub and the bright idea of flying supplies to the isolated cabins of miners, trappers, uranium bugs and all their like that were making their fortunes in

She was lying, but I didn't say so. She was playing a game with me for some reason, and it looked like it might be fun playing games with a girl like Leta.

"A drink?" I asked.

"I'd love a martini, dry as the desert."

I motioned to a waiter. He came over to the table taking his own sweet time. I ordered the martini for Leta

• fiction by

WILLIAM HARRIS WRIGHT

ILLUSTRATIONS BY POLLY BOLIAN

THE QUEEN BEES

girls' school. Her hair was honest-to-God blonde, eyes blue, complexion pink and white. She wore a sport skirt and a tight-fitting white cashmere sweater, erect and a good handful.

"Listen, honey," I said, "this is Alaska. Things are rough and tough up here. Girls calling strangers by their first names lose their sweet little virtue damned quick!"

She laughed. It was deep and natural and gay. I laughed with her. At that moment my only thought was how I could rob her of that virtue.

"You're not a stranger to me," she said. "I know a lot about you. You're Bill Wright, 36 years old. You own a

the wild north country. I had a good little enterprise going and I was getting my hands on a decent piece of that frozen Alaskan wealth.

She stood there for a minute giving me the once over with her big baby blues. I couldn't figure her angle, but I had a stupid feeling that I was about to become sucker bait.

I said, "You get around for a young girl. What's your name?"

"Let's say it's Leta Smith," she replied with a grin.

and a double Scotch for myself. In moments of delightful uncertainty when you know you're walking into something unknown, a double Scotch always helps.

Looking at Leta, I was a little puzzled. Her eyes were friendly and always seemed to be laughing at you, but in back of the laughter they were cold and hard. There was something funny about her laugh. It was nice to hear and it did things to you, but somehow it seemed to end too abruptly.

The waiter finally got the lead out of his pants and brought the drinks. I took a deep gulp of Scotch. Leta stared into her martini, blowing on it to form tiny ripples.

"I've got a job for you," she murmured.

I was puzzled but interested. Maybe she wanted to join a brother, a father or a sweetheart at some far-flung cabin in the Alaskan wilds.

"Fine," I said, "what's the job?"

(continued on next page)

Leta and Betty found the short cut to Park Avenue via Alaska-honeycomb of nine hundred drones to every queen bee



She sipped her martini and squinted up at me.

"You may be surprised," she answered. "You look too pure."

"I'm shockproof, honey, what's the job?"

"Flying a girl friend and myself to the cabin of Bill Horton and Charlie Bryan in the Valley of Ten Thousand Smokes for a party."

I had the feeling somebody had suddenly slapped me in the kisser with a Klondike salmon. I had been such a damn fool. I had heard rumors about the brushhopping hustlers operating in the north country... Those girls reaping a fortune selling themselves to sex-hungry prospectors, miners, trappers and all the other hermits of the Alaskan set—anybody who had the money to pay for their favors.



The idea was not shocking. It was just that I had been so easily fooled about Leta. There was a time when a call girl had a distinctive place in our society and you could spot them without any trouble. Today you can find them at every expensive night club, on Park Avenue, in business offices—everywhere but in the gutter. They have come up in the world.

All I could say was, "I'll be damned. ... A prostitute!"

"You don't have to get so technical," Leta protested. "Certainly your mama told you about the birds and the bees?"

"Right now," I said, "I feel like a kid who has just found his first illustration in a doctor's book."

"Do you want the job or not?" Leta asked forcefully.

"Sorry, baby, I'm no pimp."

"You sure as hell are not for me!" Leta answered angrily. "When I need a pander in my business, I don't want a boob like you. This is strictly a business deal. You fly cargos into the interior—What's your price?"

"For a cargo of sexballs?" I answered. "Two hundred dollars to take you in and two hundred more to bring you out."

Leta made a grimace and said, "At those prices you'd be a fool to become a pimp! Your plane carries five hundred pounds besides your own weight. My friend and I don't weigh more than two-twenty-five. That leaves plenty of space for some cases of champagne and liquor to be delivered to your plane tonight. I might suggest that we leave at a wee hour. It would make it easier for you if nobody sees your passengers."

"Who pays the bill?" I asked.

"You'll get a bank draft from Horton or Bryan when you deliver us at the cabin. You'll get the second draft when you come out to fly us back the first of the week."

She had all the answers. The payoff deal was a new gimmick to me. These clever chicks had figured out a fool-proof layaway plan for their services. They knew that the sex-crazy hermits in the back country never kept large sums of cash stashed away. Once they checked out a guy's bank credit, the stakes would be high enough for the girls to risk a draft. After I flew them back to Anchorage, they could cash the checks before any action could be taken to stop payment.

I arranged for Leta and her girl friend to meet me at Fisherman's Pier which jutted out into an obscure part of the bay a couple of miles from town. I was confident no one would be around those parts at such an early

hour to see my cargo of goodies. I had to be damned careful. Brushhopping prostitutes wouldn't be a very popular idea with the law, and my license to operate depended on not getting caught. Frankly, I wasn't sold on the whole idea, but I kept thinking about the four hundred clams I'd make for less than a day's work. I couldn't make that kind of dough buggerlugging and flying supplies all week. It was worth the gamble!

During the summer, the Alaskan nights are short and it never really gets dark. Even under these conditions, making a pontoon takeoff from the bay with a full load was risky business. Up here, a brushhopper can operate only on bodies of water. There are no landing fields. In the summer we use pontoons for landing on water and in the winter we use skis to land on the snow.

I taxied the plane across the bay to the end of the pier. Leta and her friend were already there. I slipped the two cases of liquor aboard and beckoned for the girls to climb in.

Leta's friend was Betty Shean, a pert, red-headed Irish girl with a bawdy sense of humor. This was her first journey into the wilderness and when she crawled into the cabin beside me, her first crack was, "Where's the toilet on this damn thing?"

"If you get caught short before we reach our destination, sit tight and start whistling," I said.

She groaned, "I can't whistle," and crossed her legs.

Betty was earthy and natural, obvious as hell. She had gotten into the profession by the usual route of preferring diamonds and fine clothes to a boring office job and no jewels. Leta was a psychopathic thrill chaser. I had known her type during my college days in the east. These kids usually had a deep resentment against their families who couldn't give them riches and social prestige and so they took it on their own to become a "somebody." They would work their way through a college in some distant city. Once the novelty of their independence wore off and the routines of college and working for a living became boring, they gradually turned to sex for kicks.

I never knew Leta's real name, but one look at her and I knew she had learned the whole score before graduation. She had a beautiful body for her age, and it was obvious that she was saving it to help her get what she wanted.

We got to Horton's and Bryan's cabin two hours later. It was on a small

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• fad by EDWARD MARK MEYERS

Grey Flannelisms

HI-LIFE magazine has asked us to shed a small candle light on the birth of GREY FLANNELISMS. At first the request sounded easy enough, but when it came time to putting the story on paper we became slightly woozy. We couldn't pinpoint the year, day or second of conception. GREY FLANNELISMS—like Topsy—just grew. There was the mountain, waiting to be discovered.

We've originated dozens of GFs, stumbled on many, and catalogued all those without parents. For the reader's benefit, we can only say that the most we've dooe to your modern generation, and I gather from the national press it's considerable, is to have immortalized a new form of 20th century language used predominantly by the advertising and publicity male.

Their business is essentially an intangible one; talking directly to the point or specifically challenging another with sound basic arguments

means prompt dismissal from the fraternity. Take away the school tie, attache case and grey flannel suit and he is finished! One must chat in this vague, blue-pie-in-the-sky manner to get ahead. One must never be definite or exact. One must never be forceful or candid or forthright. One must be diplomatic and always skirt the periphery of a question....To do this successfully, he must have a pocketful of GREY FLANNELISMS ready for "verbalization" at the drop of a poisoned question.

Study the syntax and general grammatical construction of any GREY FLANNELISM and before long you'll be as cliché conscious as we are. Here are a few to get you started on this new national pastime that is rapidly replacing the mastication of Indian nuts.

Edward M. Meyers Associates
New York City

1. "Let's put on pith helmets and try running it around in the hot sun."
2. "He must be on the way up—they gave him his first window."
3. "Now everyone's tattooed, but no one's smoking."
4. "Let's get down on all fours and look at it with humility."
5. "They don't give raises here—only attache cases."
6. "I don't know about the rest of you, but I'm ready to pitch a tent and dig for worms."
7. "He's got a big mind—strictly wide screen."
8. "If you're going to shoot blanks, shoot real blanks."

GREY FLANNELISMS COPYRIGHTED BY EDWARD M. MEYERS

BIG BAND BASH

... seventeen swingers wait
a new sound... but 8-men
combos still flourish

Clarinetist Buster Bailey (left) and trombonist J. C. Higginbotham (lower left) join with trumpeter Red Allen (pp. 19, lower right) to make the new RCA Victor album, "RIDE, RED, RIDE IN HI-PI," one of the happiest jam sessions of the year.

From my flannel-panneled perch atop Ulcer Row, it is apparent that the big band is not only back but back as usual! The figures in the street below are like small, man, but the newest jazz sound is rich and full-bodied. When records come to this desk, they are given the traditional "Ulcer Row" treatment. As the saying goes, we ran the big band up the flagpole and let it wait in the breeze... And the results were nothing but swinging.

One of the most exciting and provocative big bands to swing onto the musical scene this year is one led by composer-conductor-arranger Johnny Richards. The 17-piece Richards band made its debut one wild weekend at the Red Hill Inn near Camden, N. J. In April of 1957 the band arrived on the New York scene with a powerful concert at Town Hall. Capitol Records heard of this swinging aggregation and immediately signed Richards to a contract. *WIDE RANGE* (T 885) is the apt name of Richards' first Capitol album. To sum up the flexible moods and outstanding musicianship of this band is, well, like wow! Words fail when sounds abound. Many soloists contribute to the band's force, but it is the trombone section that must be singled out for particular honors. In *Cimarron*, the craftsmanship of bouse men Jimmy Cleveland, Jim Dahl and Frank Rehak is superb. After the opening, Cleveland plays a 48-bar chorus, followed by Rehak and Dahl, each for 48. These men show how well they work together in the amazingly rapid-fire conclusion to the tune. Burr Collins' muted trumpet, Frank Socolow's tenor sax, Gene Quill's alto, Bill Shipin's piccolo and Al Antonucci's French horn take solo honors in a well-known Johnny Richards tune, *Young At Heart*. Other selections include *Nipigon*, *So Beats My Heart For You*, *Walkin'*, *Nina Never Knew*, *The Ballad Of Topsy Zee*, *Stockholm Sweetheart*, *Close Your Eyes*, and *The Nearness Of You* (on which Rehak is featured). Incidentally, both Rehak and pianist Hank Jones are currently appearing in the Broadway hit, *Copper And Brass*.

When the new Johnny Richards band (below, center) assembled to record "WIDE RANGE" for Capitol Records, trombonist Frank Rehak (standing) was one of the seventeen musicians who nearly blew the roof off the recording studio during the rendition.

From the Jazztone Society comes THE JAZZTONE MYSTERY BAND (J 1270). A notice on the cover asks the jazz buff to "play this record before reading comments on back of this jacket." So we did and found a polished big band that sounds at one point or another like a combination of any number of American big bands. Brilliant solos, cleanly-phrased ensemble work, a driving beat and screaming brass are all positive attributes of this band. While American bands and soloists were busily spreading the enlightened word of jazz throughout Europe, a group of swinging Swedes were preparing a few surprises of their own. The Jazztone Mystery Band turns out to be Harry Arnold And His Swedish Radio Orchestra. Veteran jazz observers have been pleasantly stumped when asked to identify this aggregation. Harry Arnold is one of Sweden's foremost arrangers, as is evidenced by this album. When asked to form a studio jazz band for the Swedish Broadcasting Company, he collected some of Scandinavia's best jazz musicians. *This Can't Be Love* features the able trombone work of Ake Persson, a musician who has been compared to Kai Winding, Urbie Green, Eddie Bert and Frank Rehak. *Six-Ten* was written especially for the amazing trumpet work of Sixten Eriksson and his virtuosity dazzles the ear. *Blue Lou*, pride of the great Fletcher Henderson band, is given a truly waiting treatment by the band. Of special significance throughout the 12 selections is Simon Brehm's potent bass. My own favorite in the album is the band's theme song, *This Is Harry*, a number written by Arnold. On this number Bengt Hallberg contributes some fine piano choruses.

Tony Scott, recently returned from an extended tour of Europe and Africa, has long reigned as one jazzdom's most brilliant clarinetists. In his latest RCA Victor album, *THE COMPLETE TONY SCOTT* (LPM-1452), he is showcased with a big band that is danceable, listenable, exciting and swinging. The soaring Scott clarinet is particularly effective on his two originals in the album, *Time To Go* and *Finger Poppin' Blue*. A slew of top arrangers were utilized to good advantage in other tracks. Among the best are Bill Finegan's scoring of *The Lady Is A Tramp*, John Carisi's free-wheeling version of *I'll Remember April* and the Nat Pierce arrangement

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Tony Scott has long reigned as one of the world's best jazz clarinetists. In "THE COMPLETE TONY SCOTT" on RCA Victor, he is presented with a big band for the first time. With the band business booming, an outfit of this calibre could make it on the road.

• jazz alley

by WOODY MARSHALL

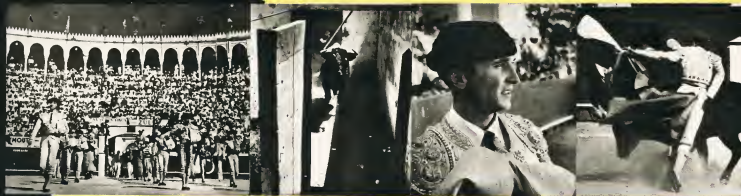


the die hards

• pictorial experience based on fact

by ADAM WALTON FRANKLIN

PHOTOGRAPHED IN VENEZUELA BY ALFRED BRANDLER



Only a half-wit, or a man as naive as a child would be foolish enough to go to a bullfight with a tough English cavalry colonel. Even at my ripe old age of thirty-three, my friends often delight in telling me that I have the naivete of a three-year-old. Maybe they're right. I was living in the dream world of Mr. Hemingway and his romantically penned bullfights, thinking this was really one of the noblest and most heroic of all sports.

That was before I saw one of Mr. Hemingway's beautiful spectacles. It was Fred Seaton who suggested that Colonel Alton Markham Cosgrove, of Her Majesty's armies, and I see a bullfight together. Fred is my good friend, a newspaperman. His mother is Spanish and he speaks the language as if it were his native tongue. He had been educated in England, but spent enough time in the United States to have learned our slang.

I was with him in Caracas, Venezuela, where he was a correspondent for a London newspaper. Fred has wild ideas about excitement, and sometimes he isn't too smart. I guess it was his Spanish blood that made him such a neurotic about bullfights.

"You can't leave Caracas," he said to the Colonel and me, "without seeing the great Luis Miguel Dominguin kill a bull."

I wasn't so dumb as not to know that Luis Miguel Dominguin is one of the greatest of all Spanish matadors; a hero who gets a cool twenty five thousand pesos, or what ever they are, every time he enters the arena. This was my first visit to a country where they held bullfights. I was happy I was to see the spectacle which Mr. Hemingway has gloriously crowned with such fine words.

Colonel Cosgrove wasn't impressed. He had a very low idea of bullfighting, and I was *sure* he had never read Mr. Hemingway's versions.

"It's a beastly, brutal thing," he protested. "Can't we find something pleasanter to do in this Godforsaken country?"

The Colonel was in his late fifties, straight as a ramrod, with a face as stiff as a poker that was flanked on each side by flabby jowls. He had been through two great wars in addition to seeing service in Egypt, the Orient and several states in Northern India. He gave you the feeling that he knew his

way around; you also got the feeling that he could be damned unpleasant if he didn't like something!

Fred had to do some glib talking and lying, an art that he has mastered with great skill. He painted an interesting picture of the national sport, but all of his talk didn't persuade the Colonel. If you're caught in Caracas on a Sunday, the only thing you can do is to attend a bullfight. It is not a town where you can enjoy walking in the hot, deserted streets.

Faced with boredom, the Colonel agreed to accompany us. He remarked, "In the cavalry I got damned mad when my men abused their horses... I hope these uncivilized peasants won't take delight in torturing the animal."

All this was Greek to me. I wondered what *tortures* had to do with a bullfight. If Fred had possessed more sense, the Colonel's warning should have been a hint of what was bound to happen, but Fred was too entranced with the prospect of seeing Dominguin perform.

The bullfights in Caracas are held in the Plaza, an amphitheatre built like the Yale Bowl, and about as big. We soon

(continued on next page)

... south of the border
you'll need plenty of guts to
attend a slaughter on a
Sunday afternoon

were caught in a milling mass of humanity a block away from the Plaza. A Venezuelan crowd is like no other crowd in the world! It is a moving board of rags, poverty and smells that carries you along like a tiny pebble in a rushing river bed. Sometimes you are walking on the shoulders of men and women, and other times they are walking on you. You're lucky if they don't trample you to death in their frenzy to see the affair. It is useless to fight against it. You move with it, hoping it will take you where you want to go. The mass pushed us through the gates of the Plaza where we marched into the bleachers to take our seats. They were far from choice seats, being pretty well up toward the top of the bowl, but we had a good view of the arena.

I said to Fred, "Is this Dominguin really great?"

He looked at me with scorn. "You should be so ignorant as to ask such a question. Luis Miguel is immortal. All the people pray for him when he fights. Wherever he goes, they must have a bodyguard to keep the señoritas away from him. I wish I were Luis Miguel!"

Colonel Cosgrove said, "Can't your hero find something better to do than go around killing helpless bulls?"

This remark hurt Fred deeply. He protested, "You don't understand our Spanish bravery, Colonel. . . . You'll see how great he is in a few minutes!"

I was craning my neck. Not far above us sat a row of men wearing odd shaped helmets and fancy red shirts. They were dragging a long hose into position.

"Who are they?" I nodded my head in their direction.

"Oh, them?" Fred answered gaily, "That's the fire department. Sometimes the aficionados get rough."

"Who are the aficionados?" I asked further showing my gross ignorance of the romantic language.

"The bullfight fans. . . . They get very excited. . . . Like your Dodger fans in the United States. You know what I mean."

"Sure, but why the hose?" I countered.

"Nothing calms a mob like water," Fred replied. "If the crowd doesn't like the way a matador works, they get very much out of control. A stream of water sets them down on their behinds very fast!"

I said, "Water I don't like! Let's get other seats."

Fred shook his head. "There's water, water everywhere in this arena," he answered. "No matter where you sit, a hose is pointed at you. The boys with the hoses are wonderfully accurate. They can hit a pinpoint at fifteen yards!"

Suddenly, trumpets were blaring in the arena. The band was playing, and colorful flags were waving. Two matadors led a long procession across the arena to the President's box. It had all the fanfare of genuine medieval pagantry and was fascinating to watch.

The matadors were sleek-looking men. Their tight-fitting trousers gleamed with silver ornaments and their little jackets glittered with bright, braided gold. Each held his left arm in what looked like a sling. Their black hairdos were tied in big knots in the back, similar to those our grandmothers wore.

Following the matadors were the

picadors and the cuadrillas. As they passed the President's box, the matadors gave low, sweeping bows, and the officials in the box beckoned for them to begin the festivities.

A bugle blew, long and shrill, not like any bugle I had ever heard. A gate opened, and a big, black bull ran out, head high and bewildered at what he saw. Then he started prancing around the arena, pawing the ground. Several peons, workers in the arena, were at the fence. The bull charged for them. I never knew a bull could move that fast! The peons scrambled over the fence, not making it any too quickly. The bull's horns struck the fence with a resounding crash that echoed throughout the bleachers. This started the crowd screaming. A South American crowd doesn't cheer, they just let out a deafening scream.

The bull charged across the arena toward another group of peons on the other side. Again, the peons scrambled over the barrier with the bull's horns just missing their fat rears.

"Wonderful!" Fred yelled. "This is a fighting-mad bull! The crowd loves a fighting bull! . . . That is why they are yelling their approval. The skill of the great Luis Miguel will be tested!"

Luis Miguel Dominguin walked into the arena with the cuadrillas. I wasn't too much impressed with the looks of the great matador. From where I sat, he looked like any other Spaniard. He was carrying a large, red cape, as were the cuadrillas.

He and the cuadrillas did a lot of waving of these bright, red capes. Frequently, the bull would charge at them, but they were always well away from the beast. Fred explained, "It's the



veronica, the fundamental pass to the bull. Very simple—yet, see how Luis Miguel executes it . . . Magnificent! Look at that grace, that dazzling courage!”

I looked, but being an American whose greatest thrill was watching Mickey Mantle belt a ball out of the Yankee Stadium, I couldn't see anything courageous about what Luis Miguel Dominguin was doing. The crowd did. Their screaming rose to a deafening squeal.

The bull was running around, getting no test and getting crazy-mad by the minute . . . And so was Colonel Cosgrove. He was on the edge of his seat shaking his fist and growling. “Those bloody cowards! Why don't they fight the bull before he is exhausted?”

His neck was getting red with anger clear up to his second chin. I was doing some silent cheering for the animal myself. I had the sinking feeling that my four-legged friend, El Torro, had about as much chance as a snowball in hell.

Fred yelled, “The *arrucina* . . . Wonderful! Look at Luis Miguel execute that master pass!”

The great matador had dropped to one knee. The bull came charging at him. He let the bull close a little closer to him, but not too close to make it dangerous. The crowd began to sound like a cheering section at a nuthouse outing.

Dominguin and his cuadrillas stopped playing ring-around-the-rose with the bull and walked out of the arena. A sour note from that South American bugle signaled the entree of men on horseback to ride into the

arena. The horses were old, broken-down beasts of burden.

The riders looked like little Humpty-Dumpties. Their bodies were covered with so much padding that they were as wide as they were tall. Long iron plates covered their legs. Each man carried a long, vicious-looking spear.

“The picadors,” Fred exclaimed. “These brave riders will fight the bull with their spears.”

“Brave, my eye,” belched the Colonel. “Those horses are at least fifteen years old! . . . You don't mean that those fatheads are going to try to ride down a mad bull on them?”

The Colonel had a funny expression on his leathery face. He was getting mad, and I didn't like the idea of the Colonel getting mad. I had the feeling that the tough, old soldier could get pretty damned mean . . . Also, I was thinking about the firemen perched above us with their hoses.

Fred was too excited about the picadors and their horses to pay any attention to the Colonel's state. When Fred gets excited, he's in another world.

One of the picadors rode up to the bull and sent the sharp spear he flourished deep into the beast's shoulder. Blood spurted from the wound. The bull charged, head down and caught the poor dray horse in the belly, raising it and the picador high in the air. The bull didn't stop with that. He repeatedly gored the belly of the horse until all the entrails were hanging out. The pitiful screams of the horse could be heard far beyond the arena. The animal ran wildly about the arena, stumbling and falling in horrible pain.

At this point, the Colonel exploded like an aerial bomb at the Queen's cor-

onation fireworks. I was looking for some place to hide. The old British warhorse was on his feet, shaking his arms over his head, yelling, “You blighters, you damn bloody cowards! You——” I ducked as low as I could, expecting all hell to break loose any minute, and water to come shooting down at my head.

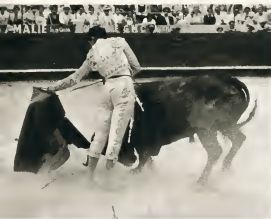
One thing saved us. No one nearby understood English. Especially the Queen's English. They thought the Colonel was cheating with them. A couple of peasants were so impressed, they flashed a mouthful of rotten teeth and waved their dirty straw hats to him in a friendly gesture, believing he was as thrilled as they at the magnificent spectacle.

On rare occasions, Fred does some quick thinking. He had the Colonel over a barrel and he knew it. The Colonel was in Venezuela on a delicate military mission for the British Government, and, as Fred cautioned him, a Queen's officer cannot afford to be the cause of a small South American revolution. The very mention of Her Royal Majesty had more soothing power with the Colonel than a tray of tea and crumpets at a hot soccer game.

The Colonel must have realized this, because he didn't jump up again. His face became so white I thought he'd had a stroke. I wasn't certain how long the dignity of the British Foreign Office would keep him in his seat.

I was afraid to look up. I didn't want to anyway. The screams of those poor horses the bull had gored were horrible. The Colonel didn't look up either. I was glad of that. Finally, all the horses had been gored.

(continued on page 72)



Snack

• food and drink

by CHARLES H. BAKER, JR.

KIPPERS in BLANKETS for HORS D'OEUVRE, a GRAND BREAKFAST ENTREE, or a MIDDAY SNACK. This was snipped from a famous London Snack-Bar in Piccadilly during a recent summer spent in England. . . Trim kipped herrings into neat strips about 1" wide and as long as width of two bacon rashes. Wrap with thin sliced smoked bacon, or curls of Virginia Ham, pierce with toothpicks and grill until bacon curls. Serve on hot buttered thin toast, crusts trimmed off, and the upper side cubed slightly indented with garlic. Garnish with finely snipped parsley.

JAMBALAYA, LOUISIANA BAYOU STYLE, a DONE WITH CHICKEN.

This famous creole dish comes down to us from mixed Spanish-French pastures, seasoned and tempered by the Afro-American Parish plantation cooks of the Delta, or among the bayous where they raised sugar cane; rich black Perique tobacco, that comes from no other spot on earth; rice; or tobacco peppers. This particular formula is from the notebook of a friend now living and writing on Royal Street in a lovely ancient house down in the French Quarter.

Like a Calalou, Jambalaya may be varied with the meats and vegetables on shell; veal or tender lamb may substitute for chicken; but rice must always be included, and piquant seasonings are traditional. This dish will serve six guests.

Take 2½ cups of minced chicken, and 1½ cups of boiled rice in it is not quite done. Mix together in saucepan and season: 1 chopped green pepper, 1 small head of chopped celery, and 1 bunch of snipped parsley, in 2 tsp. lard or butter. When onion colours slightly, mix with chicken—rice; add 3 dashes tabasco and ¼ tsp. ground black.

Charles H. Baker, Jr., reveals, "It terrified us to think of what might happen if we surrendered our collection of toast dishes for a squad of critical female readers to compare to their own floating islands or quaint tapaca affairs. Away with floating islands, a poet on tapaca decorations." From the male point of view there is more fact than fiction to all of this. . . Acknowledging this, the editors of HI-LIFE invite you to cruise with us on the magic carpet of your own kitchen saucerpan. Here, we have selected an intriguing variety of delicacies, hand-picked, and designed to make the most discriminating gourmet do handspins!

Butter a pottery oven dish well, turn everything into it; cover with lots of bread crumbs fried a couple of minutes in 1 tbsp. of butter, and brown in medium oven around 350°.

CONSIDER SHRIMPS HAPPILY MARRIED WITH CHOPPED HAZEL NUTS, A OUR OWN PRIVATE TASTE DISCOVERY IN COOKERY. FRENCH VERMOREL OF THE DRY TYPE.

This recipe may be varied by using chopped almonds, pistachios, pineapples, or pecans. It is quick and easy, and very flavourful. . . Fry 1 lb. fresh shrimp tails that have been marinated 2 hours in ½ cup of blended lemon juice and olive oil, in 3 tbsp. butter, along with ½ dose garlic. Reserve this marinade. When done, discard garlic. Put shrimps on a hot dish. Add ½ cup finely chopped nuts to hot butter in the pan; add lemon-oil marinade, perhaps adding more lemon juice to suit taste. Now 2 dashes tabasco and 1½ to 2 tbsp. dry French vermouth. Simmer 5 minutes and turn over shrimps. We've added 2 tbsp. tomato paste with good results, on occasion.

CANNIBAL CANAPE, A REFUGE for the LETHLESS and LUSTLESS.

Here is something suitable for certain bachelors, or other, crises when soul and frame lie supine, like a fine fruit withered on the vine; sparkless, without virtue or activity. Served with, let us say, The *Malesville's Barba Pique*, Peking *Tiger's Milk*, or *Whitson's Swamp Road Cocktail* from Jamaica. A gentleman evening. It is this sorry plight might again be able to hold up his head among the rugged.

So, dice a little cold lean beef very fine indeed, touch with lime or lemon juice, with salt and plenty of tabasco or cayenne, to taste. Cut up bread rounds, thin, and toast dry. Brush lightly with garlic or cut onion. Spread toast with sweet butter, add meat. Consume.

A TRUE BEEFSTEAK & KIDNEY PIE from the FILES OF OUR FRIEND the LATE C. H. B. QUENNEL, Esq., of CABAN TREE LANE, BERRHAMPTON, HERTS.; a Gentleman, Scholar, Architect, and the One Modern Author Who Has broadcast the EVERYDAY HISTORY OF ENGLAND Clearly & Pleasantly to Us in His Books under such Title.

One very pleasant summer we spent in Bournemouth, Herfordshire, wandering about the countryside in a negligible motor car, visiting friends, meeting others. Quennel's intellect, his intimate knowledge of England's past, meant a great deal to us. This beefsteak & kidney pie dates back well into the 17th Century.

Cut 2 lb. ½" thick ramp steak into pieces 1" x 1½" square. Slice 1 lb. veal kidneys, after trimming away useless adnates. Melt out 4 tbsp. minced chives or spring onions, ½ tsp. powdered clove, 2 pinches each marjoram and summer savory, cubed fine, 1 broken bayleaf, pepper and salt. Sauté 5 minutes, add ¼ cup sherry and very little water. Simmer up and take off stove. . . Bread ½ pint oysters; or leave as is, depending on preference. Simmer these in their liquor, and simmer gently, while we count their unrecurred. Then take off. Pour off meat juices and reserve.

Take gressed pie dish, put in layer beef and kidneys, then oysters. Repeat again, ending up with beef-kidney layer on top. Make rows of 2 tbsp. each butter and flour, and thicken the reserved mixture juices and pour onto everything. Cover with ½" layer of any good puff paste, to suit in any good routine cookery book. Moisten edges and press down very firmly. Pick holes in center for vents, prick edges with circle of greased paper. Brown 10 minutes at around 400°; then reduce to 300° for around 1½ hours. A little cold milk, powdered milk, powdered egg, and butter brushed on will glaze and crust.

Charles H. Baker, Jr., more traveled *connoisseur extraordinaire* of fine food and drink is a passionate collector of diverse and amazing recipes from many lands. As a result of numerous voyages, and a quarter million miles of international field work, Mr. Baker has decided that all that's wet is not wet. . . HI-LIFE finds itself in complete accord with this observation, and we are sure that 99 out of 100 HI-LIFERS will share our sentiments. And so: "Drink no longer water, but use a little wine for thy stomach's sake and thine often infirmities. . ."

A FAREWELL to HEMINGWAY, BEING A SORT OF KIRCH COLLINS WE INVENTED ON THE NIGHT WE SAW HEMINGWAY & BULLFIGHTER SIDNEY FRANKLIN OFF ON THE PLANE FOR NEW YORK, & LOYALTY SPAIN.

There is no reason to this drink. It just happened because Ernest prefers *kirshwasser*, and it was a mougy, half-hearted sort of night. The cherry syrup sweet, of course, can be varied to taste. . . Take 1½ jiggers of *kirsh*, ½ jigger of cherry syrup—again from the drug store kind—and the juice of 1 big green lime. Shake this mixture with 4 ice cubes, turn it all into a Collins glass of at least 14 oz capacity, drop in a spiral peel of green lime, and fill glass not quite full with good chilled club soda. . . We're loath for that raspberry syrup is very decent, also.

AN ABSINTHE COCKTAIL, AS MIXED FOR US BY AN INFAMOUS RUSSIAN PRISONER ON THE OCCASION OF OUR USUAL MORNING PILGRIMAGE TO HARRY'S AMERICAN BAR, which is in PARIS.

During several weeks domicile in Hotel Daumou over Gin's across the Rue Daumou, we often opened to Harry when visibly withering on the vine—madness and comical. On this special occasion a Russian gentleman tried our ambulant course, took pay, bowed Harry aside in his hopeless wish to see, and in a small frame shaker compounded the following life saver. We advocate putting it in The Blender for a jiffy with finely crushed ice, strain into a chilled cocktail to avoid dilution.

Absinthe, 1½ jiggers
Anis or anisette, dash
Water, ½ jigger
Sugar or zirconie syrup, ½ tsp or less
Orange & Angostura bitters, dash each
White of egg, 1 tsp
Twist of lime or lemon peel
This is an excellent appetizer and tonic. Twist bit of peel to insure getting oil on surface of the drink. Must be very cold.

THE VLADIVOSTOK VIRGIN, BEING A RISKY LITTLE HEART-WARMER FROM FROZEN SIBERIA, DISCLOSED BY A LATE FRIEND ONCE STATIONED THERE WITH UNITED STATES TROOPS, AFTER WORLD WAR I. This is an odd, unlikely-sounding but valid cocktail, and (if our own ungainly recollection doesn't play us false) was probably one of the very virgins of any type, above toddling age, in that somewhat desolate and otherwise frigid town which sprawls along the chilly waters of Amur Bay, west side of the slightly miscalled "Golden Horn."

Drink is simple, strikes with high voltage authority: 1 jigger each of Vodka and dry gin; add 1 spoon, or slightly more, of chilled, cane-sweetened grapefruit juice. A dash of Angostura bitters is optional, and, we think, good. Shake with big ice and serve in a large sugar champagne glass. The sugar is a dash of cucumber floating on top. This Vladivostok Virgin must be Attic cold, warm, it's a brassy-tasting mess. . . Now, then, *Forwards!*

CAROLINA PLANTATION BRACER

After dancing the night through, or position in gentleman's game of draw only a nothing wild—until the wee small hours, our tide-water black kniting his way about the packages of Chautauque's society was wise in his pick-me-ups. This suggestion from Bill Heyward, schoolmate of years back, given between booz and water after noon is something to more, let us forget.

Cognac, 1½ jiggers
Egg, 1
Anis or anisette, dash
Gomme syrup, 1 tsp; optional
Jamaica or Barbados rum, ½ tsp
Shake with cracked ice until busily frothing, and pour into a tall cocktail glass with stem. . . . Other neat favour touches can double for the Jamaica: Citron, Coitrem, Cordial Misch, Drambuie, Benedictine, Chartreuse, Grand Mariner.

PAN AMERICAN CLIPPER, from the NOTEBOOK OF ONE OF OUR PILOT FRIENDS WHO—when OFF DUTY—MAY SEEK ONE Applejack, 1 jigger; Caladous apple brandy is better still
Absinthe, 1 dash
Lime, juice, 1 scant pony
Grenadine, 1 tsp
Shake with cracked ice and serve in Manhattan glass.

KILROY'S BRACER, LONG AN ACCREDITED MORNING-AFTER REJUVENATOR EVERYWHERE.
Cognac, 1½ jiggers
Lime or lemon juice, 2 tsp
Egg, 1
Angostura, 3 dashes
Anis or anisette, ½ tsp
Shaved ice
Shake well, turn into a goblet with some of the ice, and fill to taste with well chilled seltzer or club soda.

TEQUILA for MI AMANTE, or TEQUILA for MY BELOVED, MEXICO CITY, 1957
This is a prepared beverage requiring patience and from three to four weeks.

Tequila, 1 pint
Ripe strawberries, 1 qt., cut in halves
Wash and stem the berries, pour on enough to almost fill or bottle, pour on enough tequila to cover. Shut tightly and stand for at least twenty-one days. Strain. . . . This berry process extracts some of the raw taste, adds a very dawn touch. Our Mexican drinks it straight away. We opine that handled in the same way as sloe gin, discoveries would be made. . . . Other fruit like wild cherries, blackberries, and so on could be tried.

FROM "THE GENTLEMAN'S COMPANION" BY CHARLES H. BAKER, JR., COPYRIGHT 1944 BY CROWN PUBLISHERS, INC. USED BY PERMISSION OF CROWN PUBLISHERS, INC.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY DON LEE

FOOD/DRINK PROPS COURTESY MCGINNEY RESTAURANT, N. Y. C.



COLLEGE FOOTBALL IS FOR PANTYWAISTS

• sports factual by PHILIP R. RAND

CARTOON BY FRAN MATERA

five minutes on the field with the pros is sheer suicide for today's college boys

Alan Ameche was called the "Galloping Horse" of the Big Ten and the Midwest. In thirty-six games, from 1951 to 1954, he galloped off 3,212 yards, which was something of a record in big time college football and got him on numerous All-American teams.

Later Alan Ameche said ruefully, "I really thought I was pretty good then."

On October 21, 1953, he probably still thought the same. He was the rookie fullback for the Baltimore Colts in their exhibition game with the Washington Redskins. Ed Shaw, quarterback for the Colts, called for a single-wing power play off tackle with Ameche carrying the ball. This was his first attempt to gallop through the pro football teams as he had the Big Ten

elevens with amazing ease.

The ball was snapped, slammed into Ameche's belly. He was running straight up as he had done in college. What happened next is something Ameche says he will not forget for many, many years. La Vern Torgeson, line-backer for the Redskins, hit the straight running Ameche and he went up in the air, his helmet six feet above his body. As he came down, the bone-crusher, Chuck Drazenovich, came in to give his falling body the finishing touches.

Ameche never knew Drazenovich hit him. He was too stunned by Torgeson to feel anything. He got to his feet weakly, gasped, "What . . . what in the name of heaven hit me?"

"One La Vern Torgeson," Shaw answered. "The next time he hits you and you're running upright, he'll bust you in two. You were lucky. I'd say, damn lucky!"

Alan Ameche learned at that moment what many other college players had found out before him: that college football as it is played today is a namby-pamby game compared to professional football. Other youngsters making their first run with the ball against the pro football boys haven't been as lucky as Ameche. Arnold Gallipio, the Army All-American quarterback, went high in the air on his first day, came down and didn't get up. He was in the hospital for months. Otto Schellenbacker, Kansas All-American, had a similar ex-

perience. So did Lowell Pierz, the Michigan star with the Pittsburgh Steelers.

The list of young eager-beaver college players suffering the same, is long and impressive. Alan Ameche summed it up neatly after that first game. "I learned something this afternoon," he told newspapermen. "College football is for little boys; pro football is for men."

To his credit, Alan Ameche adapted himself to professional football and reeled off 946 yards to lead the league that season. But he didn't run straight up. "I was taught my lesson that afternoon," he said at the end of the season. "In college, running with the head up is considered heroic. There are a lot of

things about college football that now sound foolish to me. I thought we played good football at Wisconsin. I shudder now as I look back over our playing. It's amazing that we ever won a game. We made mistakes that a high school team shouldn't make."

In the pro football circles jokes about the stupidity of college football fly thick and fast. Every player has one to tell about his own team. The game between Rice and Wisconsin is one of the stock stories. Wisconsin went into the last quarter one point behind. Twice Wisconsin drove to the five-yard line and each time they were stopped. The right tackle of the Rice team would break through to pile up the goal line play.

When Wisconsin got to the five-yard line the third time, several of the players suggested to the Wisconsin end that he might take out this tackle. The end seemed surprised and asked, "What tackle are you talking about?" Time was called to give the team a chance to enlighten the end on the facts of football.

"Okay, if that's what you want, I'll get the tackle out," the end said.

On the next play he blocked the tackle and Wisconsin scored. Nothing was said to the end for his failure to handle the big tackle. The Badgers acted as if it were perfectly all right that he didn't know the fundamental facts of football. Yet Wisconsin was

(concluded on next page)

tabbed as one of the good college teams of that year.

Nothing like that would ever happen with a professional team. A lineman so ignorant of football would never get within a mile of making a pro team. There is a convincing reason for this. It takes little imagination to realize what would happen to the backfield if such human monsters as Leon Hart of the Lions or Don Joyce of the Colts, each weighing close to 300 pounds, all muscle and speed, were let through the line to crash into the man carrying the ball. Ambulance sirens would shriek and backfield men would be rushed to hospitals with the hope that medical science might repair the damage to their bones and flesh. Professional football is more than winning games. It is a matter of survival and every man on the team knows this.

Professional football is comprised of the pick of the crop of the nation's best developed players. There are some 200,000 football players on high school teams. Several thousand of these make college elevens. From these several thousand the pros pick less than a hundred each year to fill vacancies on their squads.

So, the pros have selectivity in talent, experience and brains that no college enjoys. Pro football is a serious business. All candidates are given a thorough schooling in the fundamentals of the game. A ninety-eight or a ninety-nine average is not acceptable. A candidate must pass a hundred percent or he is not even considered. With these advantages, the pros produce a finer team. The discrepancy between the pro football and college football players has many coaches worried.

A man who has been prominent in college football for many years, and who does not wish his name to be used, said, "College football today has reached its lowest point in the history of the game. Today the great majority of college teams cannot be called much more than first class high school teams."

"Two features are responsible for this condition. The rapid development of complicated tactics such as the split T, the forward pass and other intricate plays, are too much for the average high school player when he gets to college. He is confused and never really masters the fundamentals of the modern type of play."

"This, of course, will in time adjust itself. The one thing that is hurting college football more than anything else is the attitude of the student body toward the game. In the old days of the Walter Camp, Yost and Stagg teams,

the will to win was a dynamic thing in the student body and this was transmitted to the team. Today it is common knowledge that in the Ivy League, where once our greatest teams were developed, the students openly sneer at school spirit and think it smart to laugh when their team loses. Recently I spent some time on the campus of the University of Oklahoma. Oklahoma has the greatest winning streak of any college team in modern football and is probably the No. 1 eleven of the Nation. Yet, over half of the students I talked with apologized for the fact that their team had such a record, as if a winning football team was a disgrace to their University. They argued that all the publicity Oklahoma was getting from football was overshadowing the great strides it has made in academic standing within the last ten years.

"This spirit is reflected in the players. Every college squad today has the cynical and sophisticated members who ridicule school spirit and the desire to win. Many of these players are among the best on the squad. This accounts for the strange lapses of defense one sees, which make the college teams look second rate. The college teams today lack imagination, drive and brilliance."

"I honestly believe that the best team today, which is probably Oklahoma, would have been only a second rate squad twenty-five or thirty years ago. They know only one type of play, and that is *ball possession*. They pass as a last resort and their passing is clumsy and ineffective. Against a team such as Knute Rockne's Four Horsemen or Bernie Bierman's Golden Gophers of Minnesota, Oklahoma would be swamped."

"Whether this state of mind in colleges will change is a question I can't answer. Until it does, college football will remain deep in the doldrums."

These are pretty strong words and to many of the ardent alumni, fighting words. You don't have to talk to many college coaches to hear many of these sentiments echoed, always in private conversation.

The paradox of this attitude of the students is the large crowds college games continue to draw. One coach, a little more optimistic, explained it in this way: "The greater part of these crowds is made up of alumni and older people who still have the old time spirit. Then, of course, there is the requirement at most colleges and universities, that students buy season tickets. This, naturally, makes for a captive student attendance."

"Our boys and girls today are under-

going a definite change in their values. Two world wars and the atomic bomb are responsible. College football is one of the sufferers. These youngsters in time will find themselves. Sports are too deeply ingrained in our way of life to be allowed to die out."

Not many coaches and authorities on college football take the dark view of the chronic pessimists, that the college game will be killed by professional football, as college baseball was relegated by professional baseball to a minor place in the sports life of a college. The conditions governing the two games are not the same.

Professional football today is making the college game look pretty tame. The pros play a type of game that represents the finest in football. It is dazzling, daring and machine-like in its perfection. Imagine, if you can, a college quarterback calling for a screen pass when his team is on its own one-yard line. Even if the play succeeded, the quarterback would be bounced off the team, never to play again. In college football this would be rank heresy, hopeless insanity, yet you see the pros doing it every week.

College elevens play continuous football. If the team has a good line and backfield, they hog the ball as if it were a hundred carat diamond. To attempt a pass is the height of folly, a terrible danger. Only weak teams resort, with the frantic desperation of a dying man, to passing.

An interesting sideline on college football and forward passing is found in the record of Hank Burnine, an end at Missouri. He was the leading receiver of passes in the country, still Missouri lost nine out of ten of their games.

Players on college elevens, even the best, are noted for their inability to count and to understand signals. More plays are balled up because of this, than are run off smoothly. Another curse of college football is the nervous lineman who is always jumping the gun, forcing the play to be called back and the team to be penalized five yards for offside.

A paradox about professional football is the spirit the pro teams have. You would expect them to look at the game as all in a day's work. The exact opposite is true. The pro teams have pretty much the old time football spirit of "let's die for dear old Siwash."

This is the spirit that is lacking in college teams. Faced with the challenge of the professional sport, college football will have to improve, or the game will be lowered to the bush league level at which college baseball is today.

• End

TONGUE IN CHEEKERS

• laughs

by ART PAUL

Wife: "I think my husband is having an affair with his stenographer."

Girl friend: "I don't believe it. . . You're just saying that to make me jealous!"

Then there was the rich guy who wouldn't give his friend a dime, but went all over town looking for a girl to give quarters to.

Old wolf: "Honey, where have you been all my life?"

Young thing: "Mostly unborn!"

He: "Did you sleep with my girl friend?"
Frat brother: "... Not a wink!"

Heard about the widow who wears black garters in remembrance of those who have passed beyond . . . ?

Greenwich Village sale:

"Hey, buddy, is that kid a boy or girl?"

"She's a girl."

"How can you tell?"

"I'm her mother."

She laughed when I sat down to play.
But I soon made her change her tune.

Fellow: "Are you married, honey?"

Blonde: "Sure—twice."

Fellow: "Children?"

Blonde: "No—big boys!"

First partner: "Ate you making love to my secretary?"

Second partner: "Of course not!"

First partner: "Well, then you fire her!"

Then there's the masseur who got fired.
He rubbed a lady customer the wrong way.

Testimonial:

My wife used to be so nervous I couldn't sleep with her. She took three bottles of your tonic—now, anybody can sleep with her.

Guy: "Is this the Salvation Army?"

Attendant: "Yes."

Guy: "Do you save bad women?"

Attendant: "Yes, we do."

Guy: "Well, save two for me on Saturday."

She was only the radio operator's daughter, but she didn't have the remotest control!

Scotch drinker: "The girl I met yesterday was luscious."

Bartender: "Really?"

Drinker: "Yes. . . She was one of the biggest lasses I've ever met!"

History of a husband:

Tri-weekly. . . Try weekly. . . Try weakly.

"Do you mind if I stand?" the redhead asked the psychiatrist as he gestured toward the couch, "I just came back from my honeymoon."

Modern girls are putting up such a false front that a man never knows what he is up against.

Mother: "Hush! The sandman is coming."

Junior: "Gimme a dollar, and I won't tell pop!"

Then there was the poor snake that didn't have a pit to his in!

Hooper: "I wouldn't trade my husband for ten men."

Actress: "I wouldn't trade any ten men for any husband."

Laugh of the Month:

The new King of Khytan was known to his people as the "Shan of Khytan." He was a good ruler, but was cursed with the habit of going berserk on occasion when a convulsion hit him.

During his coronation, the palace was packed with dignitaries from far and wide. Festoons and colorful silks draped the ballroom. As the court minister placed the crown upon his head, the Shan flipped his lid. He massacred a dozen dignitaries nearby, grabbed a flaming torch and flung it into the draperies. Soon the whole palace was a roaring inferno. The crowd was soon reduced to one sole survivor left half singed near the door.

Outside, one dignitary who was late for the affair, knocked on the door. The singed survivor reached up and opened the door for the tardy statesman and said, "Where were you when the fit hit the Shan?"

• pulchritude

HI-LIFE'S

FIRESIDE GIRL

After tooting our moose horn, Hi-Life trapped this cute, little sport romping in the mountain snows of Maine. Her name is Lois Collins, and we'll guarantee that she'll melt the snow off of the roofs of every rustic cabin from here to California.



What a day! I'll bet I fell into every snowdrift on the mountainside.



It'll be a relief to get out of these wet clothes and just—WHOOPS!



For a minute, I thought it was real! . . . All that snow could give any red-blooded gal antlers in the pants. . . .



Maybe if I just ignore him and go about my chores, he'll go away!



... It's no use! A gal just has no privacy.... That old moose must go!

(continued on next page)



There, now--NO MOOSE is GOOD MOOSE! . . . And besides, if you really want to get back to nature. . .

What's that moose got to offer that I haven't?...Hmmm?





GUY DE MAUPASSANT'S

MADAME TELLIER'S EXCURSION

REPRINTED BY PERMISSION OF
HARVARD HOUSE, INC., FROM "THE
NINETEEN HUNDRED OF FAMOUS FRENCH
STORIES."

Men went there every evening at about eleven o'clock, just as they went to the café. Six or eight of them used to meet there; always the same set, not fast men, but respectable tradesmen, and young men in government or some other employ; and they used to drink their Chartreuse, and tease the girls, or else they would talk seriously with Madame, whom everybody respected, and then would go home at twelve o'clock! The younger men would sometimes stay the night.

It was a small, comfortable house, at the corner of a street behind Saint Erienne's church. From the windows one could see the docks, full of ships which were being unloaded, and on the hill the old, gray chapel, dedicated to the Virgin.

Madame, who came of a respectable family of peasant proprietors in the department of the Eure, had taken up her profession, just as she would have become a milliner or dressmaker. The prejudice against prostitution, which is so violent and deeply rooted in large towns, does not exist in the country places in Normandy. The peasant simply says: "It is a paying business," and sends his daughter to keep a harem of fast girls, just as he would send her to keep a girl's school.

She had inherited the house from an old uncle, to whom it had belonged. Monsieur and Madame, who had formerly been tinkers in Yvetot, had immediately sold their house, as they thought that the business at Fécamp was more profitable. They arrived one fine morning to assume the direction of the enterprise, which was declining on account of the absence of a head. They were good enough people in their way, and soon made themselves liked by their staff and their neighbors.

Monsieur died of apoplexy two years later, for as his new profession kept him in idleness and without exercise, he had grown excessively stout, and his health had suffered. Since Madame had been a widow, all the frequenters of the establishment had wanted her, but people said that personally she was quite virtuous, and even the girls in the house could not discover anything against her. She was tall, stout, and affable, and her complexion, which had become pale in the dimness of her house, the shutters of which were scarcely ever opened, shone as if it had been varnished. She had a fringe of curly, false hair, which gave her a juvenile look, which in turn contrasted strongly with her matronly figure. She was always smiling and cheerful, and was fond of a joke,

but there was a shade of reserve about her which her new occupation had not quite made her lose. Coarse words always shocked her, and when any young fellow who had been badly brought up called her establishment by its right name, she was angry and disgusted.

In a word, she had a refined mind, and although she treated her women as friends, yet she very frequently used to say that she and they were not made of the same stuff.

Sometimes during the week she would hire a carriage and take some of her girls into the country, where they used to enjoy themselves on the grass by the side of the little river. They behaved like a lot of girls let out from a school, and used to run races, and play childish games. They would have a cold dinner on the grass, and drink cider, and go home at night with a delicious feeling of fatigue, and in the carriage kiss Madame as a kind mother who was full of goodness and complaisance.

The house had two entrances. At the corner there was a sort of low café, which sailors and the lower orders frequented at night, and she had two girls whose special duty it was to attend to that part of the business. With the assistance of the waiter, whose name was Frederic, and who was a short, light-haired, beardless fellow, as strong as a horse, they set the half bottles of wine and the jugs of beer on the shaky marble tables and then, sitting astride on the customers' knees, would urge them to drink.

The three other girls (there were only five in all), formed a kind of aristocracy, and were reserved for the company on the first floor, unless they were wanted downstairs, and there was nobody on the first floor. The salon of Jupiter, where the tradesmen used to meet, was papered in blue, and embellished with a large drawing representing Leda stretched out under the swan. That room was reached by a winding staircase, which ended at a narrow door opening on to the street, and above it, all night long a little lamp burned behind wire bars, such as one still sees in some towns, at the foot of the shrine of some saint.

The house, which was old and damp, rather smelled of mildew. At times there was an odor of eau de Cologne in the passages, or a half open door downstairs allowed the noise of the common men sitting and drinking downstairs to reach the first floor, much to the disgust of the gentlemen who were there. Madame, who was quite familiar with those of her customers with whom she was on friendly terms, did

not leave the salon. She took much interest in what was going on in the town, and they regularly told her all the news. Her serious conversation was a change from the ceaseless chatter of the three women; it was a rest from the doubtful jokes of those stout individuals who every evening indulged in the commonplace amusement of drinking a glass of liquor in company with girls of easy virtue.

The names of the girls on the first floor were Fernande, Raphaëlle, and Rosa "the Jade." As the staff was limited, Madame had endeavored that each member of it should be a pattern, an epitome of each feminine type so that every customer might find as nearly as possible, the realization of his ideal. Fernande represented the handsome blonde; she was very tall, rather fat, and lazy, a country girl, who could not get rid of her freckles, and whose short, light, almost colorless, tow-like hair, which was like combed-out flax, barely covered her head.

Raphaëlle, who came from Marseilles, played the indispensable part of the handsome Jewess. She was thin; with high cheek-bones covered with rouge, and her black hair, which was always covered with pomatum, curled up to her forehead. Her eyes would have been handsome, if the right one had not had a speck in it. Her Roman nose came down over a square jaw, where two false upper teeth contrasted strangely with the bad color of the rest.

Rose the Jade was a little roll of fat, nearly all stomach, with very short legs. From morning till night she sang songs, which were alternately indecent or sentimental, in a harsh voice, told silly, interminable tales, and only stopped talking in order to eat, or left off eating in order to talk. She was never still, was as active as a squirrel, in spite of her fat and her short legs; and her laugh, which was a torrent of shrill cries, resounded here and there, ceaselessly, in a bedroom, in the loft, in the café, everywhere, and always about nothing.

The two women on the ground floor were Louise, who was nicknamed "la Cocotte," and Flora, whom they called "Bulançière," because she limped a little. The former always

*strip, or sew on

(continued on next page)

ILLUSTRATION BY RUDI PALAIS



... the customers were besieging the closed house, throwing stones at the shutters and shouting insulting remarks

dressed as Liberty, with a tri-colored sash, and the other as a Spanish woman, with a string of copper coins, which jingled at every step she took, in her curly hair. Both looked like cooks dressed up for the carnival, and were like all other women of the lower orders, neither uglier nor better looking than they usually are. In fact they looked just like servants at an inn, and were generally called "the Two Pumps."

A jealous peace, very rarely disturbed, reigned among these five women, thanks to Madame's conciliatory wisdom and to her constant good humor; and the establishment, which was the only one of the kind in the little town, was very much frequented. Madame had succeeded in giving it such a respectable appearance; she was so amiable and obliging to everybody, her good heart was so well known, that she was treated with a certain amount of consideration. The regular customers spent money on her, and were delighted when she was especially friendly toward them. When they met during the day, they would say: "This evening, you know where," just as men say: "At the café, after dinner." In a word, Madame Tellier's house was somewhere to go to, and her customers very rarely missed their daily meetings there.

One evening, toward the end of May, the first arrival, Monsieur Poulin, who was a timber merchant, and had been mayor, found the door shut. The little lantern behind the grating was not alight; there was not a sound in the house; everything seemed dead. He knocked, gently at first, and then more loudly, but nobody answered the door. Then he went slowly up the street, and when he got to the market place, he met Monsieur Duvert, the gun-maker, who was going to the same place, so they went back together, but did not meet with any better success. But suddenly they heard a loud noise close to them, and on going round the corner of the house, they saw a number of English and French sailors, who were hammering at the closed shutters of the café with their fists.

The two tradesmen immediately made their escape, for fear of being compromised, but a low *Pst* stopped them; it was Monsieur Tourniveau, the fish-curer, who had recognized them, and was trying to attract their attention. They told him what had happened, and he was all the more vexed at it, as he, a married man, and father of a family, only went there on Saturdays—*secrétariat causa*, as he said, alluding to a measure of sanitary policy, which his friend Doctor Borde had advised him to observe. That was his regular evening, and now he would be deprived of it for the whole week.

The three men went as far as the quay together, and on the way they met young Monsieur Philippe, the banker's son, who frequented the place regularly, and Monsieur Pinpessé, the collector. They all returned to the Rue aux Juifs together, to make a last attempt. But the exasperated sailors were besieging the house, throwing stones at the shutters, and shouting, and the five first-floor customers went away as quickly as possible, and walked aimlessly about the streets.

Presently they met Monsieur Dupuis, the insurance agent, and then Monsieur Vassi, the Judge of the Tribunal of Commerce, and they all took a long walk, going to the pier first of all. There they sat down in a row on the granite parapet, and watched the rising tide, and when the promenaders had sat there for some time, Monsieur Tourniveau said: "This is not very amusing!"

"Decidedly not," Monsieur Pinpessé replied, and they started off to walk again.

After going through the street on the top of the hill, they returned over the wooden bridge which crosses the Retenue, passed close to the railway, and came out again on to the market place, when suddenly a quarrel arose between Monsieur

Pinpessé and Monsieur Tourniveau, about an edible fungus which one of them declared he had found in the neighborhood.

As they were out of temper already from annoyance, they would very probably have come to blows, if the others had not interfered. Monsieur Pinpessé went off furious, and soon another altercation arose between the ex-mayor, Monsieur Poulin, and Monsieur Dupuis, the insurance agent, on the subject of the tax-collector's salary, and the profits which he might make. Insulting remarks were freely passing between them, when a torrent of formidable cries were heard, and the group of sailors, who were tired of waiting so long outside a closed house, came into the square. They were walking arm-in-arm, two and two, and formed a long procession, and were shouting furiously. The handsmen went and hid themselves under a gateway, and the yelling crew disappeared in the direction of the abbey. For a long time they still heard the noise, which diminished like a storm in the distance, and then silence was restored. Monsieur Poulin and Monsieur Dupuis, who were enraged with each other, went in different directions, without wishing each other good-bye.

The other four set off again, and instinctively went in the direction of Madame Tellier's establishment, which was still closed, silent, impenetrable. A quiet, but obstinate, drunken man was knocking at the door of the café; then he stopped and called Frederic, the waiter, in a low voice, but finding that he got no answer, he sat down on the doorstep, and awaited the course of events.

The others were just going to retire, when the noisy band of sailors reappeared at the end of the street. The French sailors were shouting the "Marseillaise," and the Englishmen, "Rule Britannia." There was a general lurching against the wall, and then the drunken brutes went on their way toward the quay, where a fight broke out between the two nations, in the course of which an Englishman had his arm broken, and a Frenchman his nose split.

The drunken man, who had stopped outside the door, was crying by this time, as drunken men and children cry when they are vexed, and the others went away. By degrees, calm was restored in the noisy town; here and there, at moments, the distant sound of voices could be heard, only to die away in the distance.

One man was still wandering about, Monsieur Tourniveau, the fish-curer, who was vexed at having to wait until the next Saturday. He hoped for something to turn up, he did not know what; but he was exasperated at the police for thus allowing an establishment of such public utility, which they had under their control, to be thus closed.

He went back to it, examined the walls, and tried to find out the reason. On the shutter he saw a notice stuck up, so he struck a wax vesta, and read the following, in a large, uneven hand: "Closed on account of the Confirmation."

Then he went away, as he saw it was useless to remain, and left the drunken man lying on the pavement fast asleep, outside the inhospitable door.

The next day, all the regular customers, one after the other, found some reason for going through the Rue aux Juifs with a bundle of papers under their arm, to keep them in countenance, and with a furtive glance they all read that mysterious notice:

"CLOSED ON ACCOUNT OF THE CONFIRMATION."

II

Madame had a brother, who was a carpenter in their native place, Virville, in the department of Eure. When Madame had still kept the inn at Yvetot, she had stood godmother

(continued on page 66)



"You understand, Miss Peterson, that we have to test the capability of all contestants in their particular category."

HI-LIFE'S SHOWROOM OF FOREIGN AUTOMOBILES



CITROËN DS19

FRENCH

Four-door sedan. Twin reclining seats. Front seats also convert into double bed.
Four cylinders. Front wheel drive.
Top Speed: 90 M.P.H.
Mileage: About 30 M.P. Gal.

U.S.A. Price: (Part of Entry N.Y.C.) \$3495*



FIAT 1100 TV

ITALIAN

Two-seater convertible. (Removable hard top optional). Canvas top and bucket seats.
Four cylinders. Otto 4-cylinder.
Power: 53 H.P. at 5200 R.P.M.
Top Speed: 90 M.P.H.
Mileage: About 35 M.P. Gal.

U.S.A. Price: (Part of Entry N.Y.C.) \$2498*



VOLVO PV444

SWEDISH

Two-door family-sports car sedan. Seats can be converted into a double bed.
Four cylinders. O.H.V. Motor forward.
Power: 85 H.P. at 5500 R.P.M.
Top Speed: 95 M.P.H.
Mileage: Up to 39 M.P. Gal.

U.S.A. Price: (Part of Entry N.Y.C.) \$2235*



TRIUMPH TR3

ENGLISH

Two-seater convertible. (Rear seat extra).
Four cylinder O.H.V. Motor forward.
Acceleration: 0-50 M.P.H. in 8 sec.
Top Speed: 110 M.P.H.
Mileage: Up to 35 M.P. Gal.
Extras: Overdrive, racing windshield.

U.S.A. Price: (Part of Entry N.Y.C.) \$2625*



ALFA-ROMEO GIULIETTA

ITALIAN

Two-seater convertible. (Super Spider).
Four cylinder O.H.V. Motor forward.
Four speeds forward.
Power: 65 H.P. at 6000 R.P.M.
Top Speed: 96 M.P.H.
Mileage: About 35 M.P. Gal.

U.S.A. Price: (Part of Entry N.Y.C.) \$4578*



MESSERSCHMITT KR200

GERMAN

Two and-a-half seater. Cockpit cabin.
Hinged panoramic Plexiglas hood with slide windows.
Single cylinder F. & S. 2-stroke. Fan cooled.
Motor in rear.
Power: 10 H.P. at 5250 R.P.M.
Top Speed: 65 M.P.H.
Mileage: Up to 100 M.P. Gal.

U.S.A. Price: (Part of Entry N.Y.C.) \$985*



JAGUAR XK-SS

ENGLISH

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• pulchritude

... Didi is an example
of what separates the
men from the boys

A Touch of Venus



PHOTOGRAPHED BY DAVID WORKMAN



Didi Roberts, a budding young thespian of French-Scotch and Russian-Dutch ancestry from Portsmouth, New Hampshire, has led a diversified life in the span of her 25 lovely years. Under the guidance of her father, a prominent skating instructor, Didi learned to ice skate at an early age and went on to a career in the famous Ice Capades.

During her skating career, Didi worked for a while as a Walter Thornton pin-up girl. It was at this time that she decided to pursue her childhood dream of becoming an actress. As she immersed herself in the daily routine of study and rehearsal, her favorite text book soon became Stanislavski's *An Actor Prepares*.

To date, Didi has made numerous television appearances, among which have been roles on the *Kraft Theatre* and *Robert Montgomery Presents* shows. But all of her talent does not lie in the realm of acting. Recently, she modeled for a promotional statue named "The Golden Virgin" by sculptor Sepi Dobronyi, who had previously chosen Anita Ekberg, Jayne Mansfield and Ava Gardner as worthy subjects for his labors.

And what, you may ask, are the innermost thoughts of this "Golden Virgin" who has been trained to feel deeply the roles that she projects.

To Didi, it's a "man's world." As expressed in her own words, Didi firmly believes that "A man should not be fenced in... he should have his complete freedom!" Any man who'd break down the corral fence if he were one of Didi's string ought to order a new cork for the hole in his head. She is of the opinion that a woman should change her ways of life to suit her man. "A woman should be a one-man's woman and not let her attention wander," she reports.

And, what kind of a man would inspire devotion by our lovely lass? "A man of fine intellect," says Didi... "A successful man, regardless of the field of his success. A man who has a flair and an air that attracts other women—that would make him more desirable to me... A man who is a fine host, and whose hobbies include golf, tennis and swimming."

With all of the above qualifications, Didi's dream man would have a head start with her if he were in the business end of the theatrical profession... In other words, a producer, director or perhaps even a dynamic *bad* actor! Lurks there an eligible bidder in the audience who feels that he could meet these strict requirements?





a blonde in your closet!

• attire by DOROTHY J. POWERS

Whether you are a Freshman, Sophomore, Junior, Senior, or a very senior Senior . . . and you would like to be the only ubiquitous gentleman at the party, always remember what Ben Franklin said, "Eat to please thyself, but dress to please others." I'm almost sure a large chunk of those "others" mentioned were the ladies, bless us! Soooooo, I shall endeavor to give you a *gal's-eye-view* of men's fashions, fads, and fancies.

Those shirts that have only four buttons down the front are wonderful . . . Easier to tuck in and less time consuming. Makes a darling shortie nightie for those impromptu occasions, too.

As far as shirts go, you may as well go pretty far for that big evening this season. Just look at someone wearing the dress shirt with two small ruffles down either side of the buttons . . . and edged in black. Of course it takes a real *he-man* who has no doubt of his masculinity to wear them. I think it's very subtle masculinity, and that we ladies like it very much.

SECOND THOUGHT DEPT.

Don't you feel that bow ties have *had* it? Put them away, like a good boy, until next summer. They were cool for warm weather, but a change of pace with the change of season is an excellent way to keep out of ruts.

Want a shirt this time that is *really* butter-soft? Try the new Cambridge cloth, in perfect-taste checks and stripes.

MEMO TO ALUMNI DEPT.

Just because you're not going back to school next fall, there is no reason why you can't start looking into a few new and exciting styles. You'd be surprised how easily you could achieve that ageless elegant look, à la Cary Grant . . . This makes me flip! And you may take three giant steps if you beg, borrow or steal, but *obtain* and *wear* the British blazer in dark, blue flannel with brass buttons!

If the coach has left you "on the bench" at any time, you're going to feel

right at home in the new cape for men. It's made of melton cloth, fleecy and pure wool. It even has a wind-proof hood and roomy inside pockets . . . Also side slits for manipulating things like hot coffee, cold women and pocket flasks!

Did you know the last word (right from the horse's mouth) in suits is a two-button, single breasted job, minus padding.

JUST ONE THING DEPT.

Pulleeeze, Gus, *do* stop thinking that the two-vented jacket presents a *slimmer-you* look to your public. Tain't so, it only accentuates the positive. Instead, try passing up the starches and sugars for awhile, and why not even try a fine dry sherry before dinner instead of the martini.

As a reward, you may get to wear and impress everyone with a four-button sport coat of smooth India twill, with leather-faced cuffs that unstrap and turn back on themselves. The tartan lining throughout is repeated under all three pocket flaps. Very rugged looking . . . for campus wear or those weekends romping in the woods.

News in slacks are university stripes on the original chino in greys, tans or olive shades with darker stripes for contrast. As a catalytic agent, try a pale, pale, lemon shirt and *mais oui*, the ever-present, ever-loving crew sweater, in Shetland and lambswool.

FOR THE GOLF COURSE DEPT.

The new Robin Hood hat, originated in Norway. Its narrow brim hugs both sides and back . . . Or, try the Loden, which came from Central Europe, now available in all colors.

This has been, for the most part, a report to the males of the nation of news in sport and casual wear, (except for the one digression in a weak moment when I just *had* to mention that ruffled dress shirt.) This brings all of us to our feet! Cheerily, I hope.

Your pedal extremities (that's your
(concluded on page 73)



"And now, in answer to the last request . . ."

no prison could hold Maria . . .
She had a weapon called sex
that was deadlier than a gun or knife

the LAIR

The *Lisa Marias* lie off the southwestern coast of Mexico. Precisely 432 people reside there, only one of whom is a woman. Ordinarily, that woman, Maria Elena Blanco, would have relished the situation. She was a beautiful, wanton girl, and men were her religion. However, she went to the islands most reluctantly. For the *Lisa Marias* is a prison—the Alcatraz of Mexico.

It is a penitentiary for the country's toughest, most incorrigible criminals, those who have proved to be too hard to handle in Mexico's other state and federal jails. The only woman ever to be confined there is Marie Elena Blanco.

Mexico is not a puritanical country, and the fact that Maria had been a *puta de la clase primera*, which is Spanish for a girl who obtains top price for a very personal service, did not concern the authorities at all. The fact that she was a cold-blooded murderess, did.

Maria was 23-years-old. Her eyes were dark and flashing. Her lips were a crimson invitation and her body was a triumph of physiological architecture. Maria lived in Mexico City and she had two lovers. One of them was wealthy; the other one was broke. Paradoxically,

like a million other women of her profession, Maria loved Gonzalo Ordaz, who was broke.

Maria and Ordaz lived together and she split her earnings with him. Most of those earnings came from her rich client, Francisco Silva, a retail jeweler. Silva was the goose who laid the golden eggs regularly, but Ordaz was greedy. He decided to speed up production. The result was not unprecedented.

One summer night when Silva was attending the *Cine Imperial* with Maria, Ordaz and a confederate, Oscar Dominguez, climbed into Silva's car which was parked two blocks from the theater. At 11 o'clock, when Silva opened the door of the car, he was greeted with a stinging blow on the head and was dragged into the back seat. Maria and Ordaz held him there while Dominguez drove to a deserted section of Chapultepec Park.

Ordaz searched Silva's pockets, found the key to the jewelry store in one of them, and shook him into consciousness. He demanded to know the combination of Silva's office safe.

Francisco Silva was, apparently, a man who cared more for his money than

his life. He declined to answer Ordaz question. Ordaz produced a butcher knife. Dominguez fished a straight razor from his pocket, and the pair essayed some rather sadistic persuasion. Maria Elena Blanco was a bright-eyed, interested observer.

Silva still refused to talk; a half-hour later he couldn't talk at all. The torturers had bungled. Silva was dead, and his safe was still impregnable.

The trio dumped his body on the Texcoco Highway and drove back to Mexico City. The next day, Dominguez sold Silva's car for 2,000 pesos. This was as egregious a mistake as the murder of Silva. The police found the body, traced the car, and picked up Dominguez.

Dominguez was not as taciturn a man as Francisco Silva. The police used neither a straight razor nor a butcher knife. They had their own compelling methods. After a miserable hour in the basement of police headquarters, Dominguez had scrawled a confession. Ordaz and Maria were picked up two hours later.

The three were tried for first degree murder. The two men were sentenced

(continued on page 46)

ILLUSTRATION BY INY DOCKTOR



• a true story by D. L. CHAMPION

to 30 years. Maria Elena Blanco was given 27 years in the penitentiary.

Like all prisoners, Maria resolved to escape as soon as possible. But she didn't know how to use either a file or a jimmy. Everything she had ever attained had been by the use of her body. Perhaps it would stand her in good stead here.

The governor of this first prison was one Pancho Gomez. He was a plump, fussy little man of 45. He sported a heavily pomaded mustache and a fixed idea that he was deadly with women. He was amenable to bribes and pocketed cash which should have been spent on the prisoners' commissary. He was unpleasant and had a better reputation as a crook than any of his inmates. However, his worst enemy could not have called him a homosexual. His lecherous, glittering eyes fell immediately upon Maria Elena Blanco.

He contrived to meet her one day as she left the sewing room where she worked.

"It is a pity we meet here, Señorita," he said. "I should like to take you out, buy you champagne and—" Here he winked broadly, "prove my great prowess as a lover."

Maria turned on all her considerable charms.

"I will accept on one condition, Señor. You are the Governor. . . . You can do anything. You must drive out in the official car while I crouch in the rear seat. I can promise you a wonderful night."

The ends of Gomez' mustache twitched eagerly.

"Como no?" he said. "It shall be arranged for Saturday night."

Gomez bought the champagne, all right, and it was not his fault that he didn't demonstrate his tremendous virility. When the evening ended in a cheap hotel, Maria embraced him; clung to him voluptuously; and, as she did so, thrust her hand under his coat and whipped his revolver from the shoulder holster.

Pancho Gomez did not have to wait until the morning after for a big head. He attained it immediately, as the butt of his own gun cracked down on his skull. Maria hastily relieved him of his wallet and took a taxi to the Buena Vista railroad station.

She had gotten only as far as Lecheria, some 20 miles away. There, a *colonel de policía* boarded the train and was obviously attracted by Maria's beauty. By sheer coincidence, he had attended every session of her trial. He recognized her immediately and took her from the train. He telephoned the prison. Half an

hour later, she was headed back to jail and the vengeance of the governor. Maria's beauty had gotten her out of prison. It had also sent her back, for had she not been so attractive the *colonel de policía* would neither have noticed nor remembered her.

Maria's second escape was engineered through Enrico Hernandez who delivered supplies to the prison. It was no more successful than her first break. But Hernandez, a shrewd hombre, got more out of it than had Pancho Gomez.

Exactly how Maria made her proposition to Hernandez is not known. However, it is a matter of record that one day she left the prison concealed beneath a tarpaulin that covered the rear of Hernandez' truck.

He drove a dozen miles along the Taxxoco Highway and then turned off into a desolate secondary road. He left the driver's seat and crawled under the tarpaulin with Maria.

"You fool," she said. "What are you stopping for? They'll be looking for me. We've got to get miles away."

But Hernandez was adamant. He had heard how Gomez had never collected his fee for taking Maria outside the prison walls. He insisted on collecting right now. Maria had little choice. She could not afford to waste time in argument.

The prison guards found them in the back of the truck, wearing nothing but the tarpaulin. Hernandez was embarrassed—in all senses of the word, as the guards repeatedly emphasized his actions later. Maria was furiously angry. She was returned to the penitentiary. Hernandez was thrown in the local jail on a charge of aiding a prisoner to escape.

At this point, the authorities in Mexico City decided that Maria should be transferred to a prison where the masculine element would be less susceptible to feminine charms. She was sent to the penitentiary at Iguala, the state capital of the province of Guerrero.

But the brass in Mexico City had underestimated the wiles of Maria Elena Blanco. The head guard at the new prison was a sloe-eyed youth named Manuel Montdragon. He was so impressed by Maria that he was ordering special items for her from the kitchen when she had been in his charge less than a week. Obviously, such a fragile creature could not subsist on prison fare.

But Montdragon was lucky. Before Maria had a chance to really exploit him, J. Cesar Cortes appeared on the scene.

Cortes was the scion of a rich and

politically influential family. He was a professor of languages, who had once taught at a college in California. He had known Maria several years before. He came to visit her in prison.

Maria's attitude to Cortes was demure. She did not promise him wildly voluptuous delights. Rather, she acted the part of the misunderstood girl who had been led astray by evil companions. It was a most effective gambit.

After his third visit to the prison, Cortes came to a decision and spoke of it to anyone who would listen: he would fight for Maria's parole. He said further that it would be easier for him to do so if Maria were a member of the Cortes family. Therefore, he proposed to marry her in the Iguala prison. He specified the date and arranged for the wedding to take place in the office of the prison Governor.

Cortes' family was horrified. His political friends were thunderstruck. All of them brought tremendous pressure upon the young man. But, until the last moment, Cortes stood firm. Until the very morning of the scheduled wedding day he refused to change his mind.

At 11 o'clock of what Maria thought was her nuptial day, a guard came to her cell. He led her to the Governor's office where she fully expected to find her bridegroom, the witnesses and the civil official who was to perform the ceremony. Instead, she found only the Governor and two armed soldiers.

Puzzled, Maria said, "Where is Señor Cortes?"

"He is not coming," said the Governor, coldly. "At the last moment his mother prevailed upon him to give up this insane marriage. He has gone to the United States."

Maria's eyes narrowed. She cursed aloud, but even in that moment of frustration she was planning. There still remained, after all, Manuel Montdragon to help her. She might still break out. But the Governor's next words dispelled that hope.

"You are to go with these soldiers. At once."

"Go where?"

"To the *Islas Marias*."

Maria Elena Blanco stared at him. "But that prison is only for men."

"In this case the administration is making an exception. You have caused so much trouble that they are sending you there so that you may never cause trouble again."

Four days later, Maria boarded the small vessel which runs between the mainland and the *Islas Marias*. Locked in a stateroom, she made her final des-

(continued on page 61)



"FINLEY, I'VE HEARD GOOD REPORTS ABOUT YOU LATELY..."

• satire by DARROL LYONHART

CARTOON BY FRANK B. JOHNSON

how to pigstick your boss in three easy lessons and make him like it

I am writing this for men who have ambition and push and don't like hard work. If you are one of the creeps who likes to labor, pay strict attention to details and have loyalty to the boss, you'd better stop reading. You will be very unhappy if you don't.

Hard work is for the birds and the bees and half-wits. Long ago I see if I labor hard I am a slave and a scrf, just like the suckers in the feudal ages. Maybe I get a heart attack and I do not get anywhere.

I say to myself I do not want a heart attack and I want to get up in the world. So, I use my brains to study ways to fool the bosses. I have had plenty of bosses to study. After many unfortunate experiences, I came up with three sure-fire rules. You must copy these.

The old cornball about marrying the boss's daughter is out the window. I am not one who is called a Cassanova, but I have the same thoughts and desires as Mr. Cassanova. Maybe that is why I have pimples.

The bosses' daughters always look at me twice. The second time to make sure they are not seeing things and that such a kisser as mine really does exist. I do not care much. Working for a boss is bad enough. Being married to one could be a living hell! Some men who married the boss's daughter tell me nobody knows what being a slave is until they get one of these rocks around the neck.

My rules will give you an easier way to live happy without working. First you must understand what makes the boss tick and what landed him in the joy seat. He is a man who never worked. Papa either gave him the business or he followed my rules. If he had worked hard, he would not be a boss. Hard workers are rare and only a fool would promote one to where he does not have to work.

You have to be clever like a crook, which maybe you are, to fool the boss. If he got where he is by following my rules, he is smart. But ease and power dulls the thinking machinery. All such

bosses have one weakness. Because they do not toil, they have to do something to make an impression. Dedication to the company's product is usually their gimmick.

They scream, they weep, they tremble in ecstasy at the mention of their product. You must learn to scream with them, weep with them and tremble with them. But you must use skill in doing this or the boss will not think you a loyal worker. He will say you are acting, and that is bad. Do not worry about what the company is making and selling. Bosses are all the same, on Madison Avenue or in the garment district. They are the same when they sell the "Happy Girdle."

I am sad when I mention the "Happy Girdle." It showed me the pitfalls and the dangers when you play the whooping game with the boss. I shall never forget that painful experience. At the time, I am a menial clerk at the Happy Girdle Company and I say to myself I

(concluded on next page)

do not like this work. My boss is Burton B. Bullseye. Mr. Bullseye is fat like the side of a house. He has only a thin fringe of hair around his bald dome. His face is heavy and as ugly as a mud hen. His eyes are two small gimlets that make you feel he is sticking a knife in your guts when he looks at you.

He is not a smart man. His papa left him the business when he dropped dead. Mr. Bullseye does not know the sorrow of hard work. His fat hands are soft and flabby. He is very mean. He likes to squint his two little eyes around to see that everybody is toiling in his vineyard to make him his nullions. I dislike him much, but I want to eat so I have to be there.

He does not like it when his serfs loaf. His voice makes a yell from Simon Legree sound like a soft whisper. He bellows from his office doors at his workers. When he does, we all duck our faces down on our desks in great fear.

The weak link in Mr. Bullseye's thick armor is the Happy Girdle. At the mention of it he dances a jig, quivers like a maiden in her first love embrace and laughs. We all laugh with him because we live under a terrible doom if we don't. One minute all is silent because when you work for Mr. Bullseye you never even smile. The next minute some damn fool mentions the girdle and we are all hee-hawing.

I have a belly laugh that rises clear and shrill above all others. Mr. Bullseye is impressed and I am happy. Once he nods pleasantly to me, I am his noblest employee. I use my laugh to loaf on the job. I do not know that there is a time to laugh and a time not to.

Gertie Blousky came to work at a desk near me. Gertie is a bird-brained blonde so ugly she is safe alone in Brooklyn park. She is a champion gum-chewer, breaking all records with her jaw speed. I see at once she is not a hard worker and that Mr. Bullseye will not like her. I see all this clearly and distinctly, but I am day dreaming when Bullseye's beady eyes spy Gertie flirting with the man next to her.

When I day dream I soar high into the clouds. I do not know Mr. Bullseye is squinting at Gertie or that he comes to the door of his office. I hear him bellow, "Gir..." I straighten up like a poker, sure he is yelling "girdle." I laugh. My laugh is shrill and terrible to hear in that ghastly silence. I stop and look around. All the slaves have their heads buried deep into their work. Mr. Bullseye is coming for me. I do not say good-bye. I leave the office in leaping

bounds and I never go back to get my hat.

This bitter experience teaches me that playing up to the boss' dedication to his product is like walking a tight rope. If you overdo it, he is mad. If you underplay it, he isn't impressed. If you master this first rule, you are ready to go on to the second.

I call this rule, "Early To Work and Late To Leave." The boss gets mad when his workers come in late in the morning. He is very impressed if he sees you working when he comes in at ten minutes to nine. He is so impressed that he thinks you are a fine employee and does not watch what you do the rest of the day.

You will help yourself if at the hour of five you do not leap up and grab your hat and run out of the office like you've been waiting for that moment all day. That is the ten minutes of the day I work hard. I never act like I know the clock says five. I am so engrossed in my work for a good ten minutes that I do not know what is happening. Ten minutes in the morning before nine and ten minutes after five, these are the most important minutes of the day. They impress the boss more than a grueling day of unrelentless labor.

If you are outside the office, follow the same line. Call the office at ten minutes to nine every morning. Only the boss is there and he knows you are hitting a hundred percent. Call after five, depending on the habits of the boss, timing your call so he either gets it or knows that you called. You will be glad to find how this makes your job easy and happy.

Toss this rule out of the window if you are going to work as a salesman on commission. I am not fool enough to do that. It is produce or starve and I do not like to produce. I like to cheat the boss and I do not work as a salesman on a commission.

I build myself up with the boss in the first two rules. I get by without work, which is all very nice except for one thing. That delightful roof of all evil, which is called money, and which I crave very much is lacking.

The sum I am paid is a disgrace. I see how the big boys cheat and pad their expense accounts. I am a small fry, like maybe you are, and I cannot do this... So I use my brains. I am very honest and do not advise anybody to be dishonest. If you are caught, it is very unsatisfactory because you might land in Tehachapi.

There are many little ways to get your salary raised. They are no good.

You get maybe a dollar or two raise. If you bring your lunches to work and look sad and hungry, you might cause the boss to break down and give a dollar a week more. This is very uncertain. The boss does not give a damn if you are hungry.

The other trick is to say you do not care about yourself. You can suffer the pangs of hunger, but it makes you sad to see your poor children pale and weak. This is not good. It makes you a little man and gets you nowhere. I see what it does to others. So I say I will be a big shot, gay and carefree—a laughing baboon.

I do not find being the carefree big shot too successful. I laugh with the boss and toss out hints that I am offered other good jobs. He does not fall for this gag, like he does for some others. Maybe I do not look like a big shot. So, after a while I formulate rule No. 3. It is "The Indispensable Man" rule. If you can accomplish this, you really pig-stick the boss.

Now do not get any ideas you will be indispensable in business. The boss does not like anybody trying to take over his job. Do not try this because the boss will be very angry. Be subtle and nosy as hell. The boss always likes pretty blondes. Blondes can help you much, even if you cannot afford to have them like the boss has them.

Sometimes the boss is stubborn. He does not want you to help him with the blondes. To hell with the old coot. Walk into his office and hint to him that his blonde is terrible bad for the wife and children. The boss may get mad as hell, but he is smart enough to know that you are now indispensable to him. Do not be discouraged if these hints do not work at once.

The world is a very hard place in which to live without working. I am a very unlucky man. Only one boss in five hundred is born with a brain bigger than a peanut... I always get the smart one! I am working at the same desk for five years now. I work very hard eight hours a day. I try my three rules constantly, but my boss is not fazed. In desperation I suggest to him that maybe his wife will be sad to know about his blonde. He laughs out loud in my face and says that if I can find him a blonde he will give me a dollar a week raise. He is very ugly like me.

I'm still looking for the blonde, but I'm positive that all bosses are not smart like mine. I am not discouraged, because I have faith in my three rules and if you follow them, you will succeed.

● Good-bye.

NEVER

judge a book by its cover

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FRAN MATERA

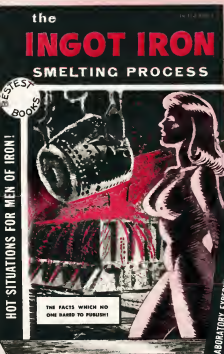
• satire by CHAD KELLY

*Nudes—Nudes—Nudes
... they sell pocket books!*

*to Siberia with these
editors before the
plague spreads!*



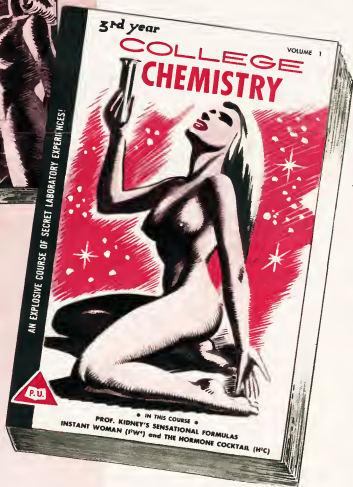
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Influenced by the successful sex treatments used on pocket book covers, editors of the drab, technical trade journals will soon be commercializing the nudity idea for their covers. Circulation will quadruple almost instantly.

The germ will spread to the text book editors. By employing the use of lusty covers and sparsely illustrating the homework problems with feminine etchings, the faculty would be guaranteed a bumper crop of 100% examination papers from the student body.

Already the plague of torrid art covers adorning pocket book fiction has reached the hobbycraft and "How-To-Do-It" books. This is only the start!



Last, but not least, the venom will seep onto the covers of nursery books. Following in the profitable footsteps of their publishing predecessors, these editors will suddenly realize what a vast potential they have in papas who must read Peter Rabbit to junior at bedtime. Sales will certainly boom!



Ever since Eve dropped her fig leaf, even the puniest example of mankind has been known to transform into the wildest, panting hull at the slightest suggestion of sex.

With the birth of the pocket book era, the Madison Avenue Frankenstein's realized the selling power behind the little three letter word, and began creating their artistic monsters.

It is not known what ever became of General Grant mounted on his white horse, but a gorgeous Southern belle equipped with an unbelievably large bosom that threatened to burst its flimsy hiding place soon replaced him on the covers of pocket books. With this secret weapon, it is a mystery why the South ever lost the Civil War.

Having burlesqued history, and with the taste of success all over their chops, our editorial clan went to work on the covers of westerns, the private eye series and jungle novels, until every cactus, every clothes closet and every palm tree sheltered an unclad heroine.

But, like all profitable things, the field of pocket book nudity has slowly been exhausting. The twenty-year publishing czars are even now secretly exploiting virgin territory. AWAKE, AMERICA! . . . We must be on guard, before the plague of pocket book art undermines the very foundations of our literary culture, and Whistler's Mother is replaced by Jayne Mansfield!



Hi-Life's Sneak Preview

08/15 ★ ★ ★ German

08/15 is the shocking exposé of life in a German army camp in 1939. It is a terrifying revelation of the brutality to which enlisted men were subjected by sadistic non-commissioned officers.

08/15 is a film of power and sex, and both are infested with corruption. Master Sergeant Schultz, (Emmerich Schrenk) is an inhuman militarist, at once an incompetent officer and an ineffectual husband. His wife sleeps willingly with any soldier who will have her, and Schultz finds perverse pleasure in inflicting brutal punishments upon his enlisted men. He preserves his shattered ego, although he cannot hold his promiscuous wife. Finally, the pattern is challenged by an officer who has come up through the ranks, and privately detested the corrupt militarism, brutes and harlots around him.

08/15 was adapted from Hans Helmst Kirst's *The Revolt of Gunner Asch*. Kirst, a one time Nazi officer, wrote the book as a *sobering* act, in admission of his earlier errors. The book, *The Revolt of Gunner Asch*, was received with much controversy, and the same reception may be expected at the U. S. release of 08/15. Sentiments, pro and con, depend largely upon personal taste and sensitivity in the area treated.

08/15 has an all-German cast, and many of the players act with an authenticity which bespeaks reality. It is the first post-war German film of its sort, and the tragic message it bears represents one of the darkest periods in the history of the world.



THE PURSUIT OF THE GRAF SPEE ★ ★ ★ British

THE PURSUIT OF THE GRAF SPEE is the gripping World War II drama of the British Navy's attempt to capture a German sea raider—three lone cruisers challenging the ocean's most deadly menace. It is more than a story of ships in battle, it is an epic of men, might, disaster and reprisal. One sees jagged contrast and irony in the spirit of captive allied seamen. Feeling the Graf Spee shudder, knowing that its fate may spell their doom, they cheer as the British shells hit home. There is heroic jest in the face of tragedy. Desperation and indifference are pinpointed in the antics of counting diplomats and the thrill-happy waterfront crowds.

In VistaVision and Technicolor, THE PURSUIT OF THE GRAF SPEE is one of the most magnificently filmed pictures of the year. Much credit is due the directors and the technical staffs that coordinated THE GRAF SPEE. It is an expensive film, with startling emotional impact. It is first class dramatic adventure, realistically extracted from contemporary history.

THE PURSUIT OF THE GRAF SPEE is a Rank Organization production, itself, a merit by association. John Gregson, Anthony Quayle and Peter Finch are starred, the former two as British officers, the latter as Captain Lengsdorf of the Graf Spee. Finch triumphs in an intense and reacting role. In an enormous cast, the small players contribute many dimensions to THE PURSUIT OF THE GRAF SPEE.

The filmed version of the "fantastic bluff that rocked two continents," is a must on any man's list. Hi-LIFE recommends it Hi-ly.

• cinema

by A. H. ANDERSON



Of New Foreign Films

MADAME ISSELLE STRIPEASE ★ ★ ★ French

It all begins when daughter Agnes, (Brigitte Bardot), is discovered to be the anonymous author of a scandalous novel. Papa, who is General Dumont, (Jacques Dumesnil) decides to counter creeping bohemianism by banishing his Saganistic offspring to a convent. Agnes, however, has other plans, and runs off to seek refuge with her brother Hubert, an artist. En route, with funds low, she falls into the company of two young newspapermen, who *charitably* help her with her fare. Later, while juggling a budding romance with Daniel, one of the newspapermen, financial and criminal complications ensue: the distraught beauty, until, in desperation, she enters a striptease contest. Need we say more...? Rest assured, much uproarious activity ensues!

Brigitte Bardot, the pretty little Frenchy with the "big girl figure and the little girl face," (breasttaking 37-18-34 measurements plus a provocative poort), romps through MADAME ISSELLE STRIPEASE: strutting the stuff that has made her the hottest coal in the fiery French film industry. Co-starred with Bardot, as Daniel, is Daniel Gelin, who turns in an admirable performance, proving himself a highly versatile actor.

Hi-LIFE found Bardot and Gelin a downright entertaining twosome, expertly blended with other amusing ingredients in MADAME ISSELLE STRIPEASE. Brigitte, affectionately referred to as BB by the French press, is a tasty dish... Spicy, but not hard to take. Certainly the most intoxicating French import of the season, we give her, (BB), an "A" for Arousing!



PUERTO RICO



ST. THOMAS



ANTIGUA

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BRITISH WEST INDIAN AIRWAYS

THE SEVEN ISLANDS

PUERTO RICO (U.S. possession)

Fabulous hotels for night life... Caribe Hilton looks like a photo of a Hollywood set... The hotel's casino is the meeting place for those with a yen to win their expenses at the gambling table... Spanish is the language most frequently heard, but you won't be lost with only English to fall back on... Baseball, cockfighting, golf, horseback riding, horse-racing, river fishing, sailing, sea fishing, tennis and water skiing are some of the activities for the sportsman... Restaurants are good, with prices on the scale of the better ones in the States... Historically: Aguadilla is the only spot under the American flag on which Christopher Columbus ever set foot. Innumerable interesting sights to be seen in Puerto Rico. Currency: U. S. dollars.

ST. THOMAS, VIRGIN ISLANDS (U. S. possession)

Many bars... good shopping facilities... small shops catering to the tourist trade... definite international flavor... a haven for those who want to *live-it-up* on a small resort island. Excellent swimming, snorkeling, spear fishing and flying facilities available. Fantastic underwater scenery. Glass-bottomed boat excursions daily. Moonlight sailing and beach dumbbikes are popular. Historically: The birthplace of French impressionist painter, Camille Pissarro. Sir Francis Drake chartered the channel that now bears his name. Currency: U. S. dollars.

(continued on page 65)

So you want to go where the nights are gay? ... Well fine, and we can think of nothing more enchanting than cooing beneath a Caribbean moon, seduced by the splendor of an exotic isle or two. And when it comes to exotic isles, there can be no more enticing assortment from which to pick and choose one man's Utopia than from the extraordinary islands that stud the blue Caribbean. Not only will the nights be gay, *gaydom* being whatever you choose to make it... but the days will be filled with people, places and pastimes designed to intrigue the most *has done it all-seen it all* vacationist. And if preconceived goblins clothed in dollar signs haunt your dreams, you may banish them forever. Island hopping in the Caribbean can be done without fear of financial ruin, and, as a matter of fact, without making a significant dent in any HI-LIFER'S budget.

Just as modern media have offered women *childbirth without fear*, modern travel bugs offer gentlemen *travel without terror*. Whether you make the trip solo or in the company of the little woman, you are bound to come back cheering. The intoxicating Caribbean can work strange magic for the most sober reader of the straight and narrow!

At this point it would be reasonable to assume that two rather pertinent questions are knocking around the grey matter. Why, for the love of Calypso, would I want to island hop in the Caribbean, anyway? And, how in the name of Christopher Columbus, would this be possible—time-wise and money-wise? Well hang on to your hat mister, and let's back-track in response to these queries of the inquisitive HI-LIFER.

It will cost you only \$282.00 to fly British Overseas Airways-British West Indian Airways, from New York all the way down to Port of Spain, Trinidad, island hopping as you go, and back again. Stop over at San Juan, Puerto Rico; St. Thomas, Virgin Islands; St. Kitts; Antigua; Guadeloupe;

Martinique; St. Lucia; Barbados; Grenada; and Tobago. Your ticket will be good for one year from date of departure, so time the trip as you please.

The Caribbean, any way you approach it—by plane, luxury cruiser, freighter, or schooner—has charms to suit the tastes of any fun-loving male, freelancing or otherwise. One can find society that equals the most cosmopolitan in the world or secluded spots that give the impression of never having been touched by human toe. There are things to see and do that will transcend the imagination of the tallest of tall-tale-tellers. In addition, the Caribbean boasts an ideal year round temperate climate. Average 70-80° temperature.

If you're going to island hop in the Caribbean there is one problem which you will be forced to face. It is inevitable. Sooner or later you will have to decide which islands you are going to visit, and which are fated to be *wish-we-could-have-seen-it*, (on this trip, anyway). You will then embark on the second phase of your pre-departure preparations. You will write to airlines, steamship companies, travel agents and tourist bureaus, requesting information on the various islands you have in mind.

All of this will be done with the hope of making your task of selection a simpler one. Instead, you will become even more confused. Not only will the islands you have already had in mind become more intriguing, but you will suddenly discover the charms of a hundred other islands, of which you had been hitherto unaware.

Your troubles will be tripled. Perhaps in the heat of your perplexity, you will recall with rage, that we told you so! Heaven help us then, as your tongue lashes back and forth as the serene waters of the Caribbean never dared to do.

Perhaps when you regain your composure, you will flip back to this copy of HI-LIFE and scan our capsule accounts of several Caribbean cities.



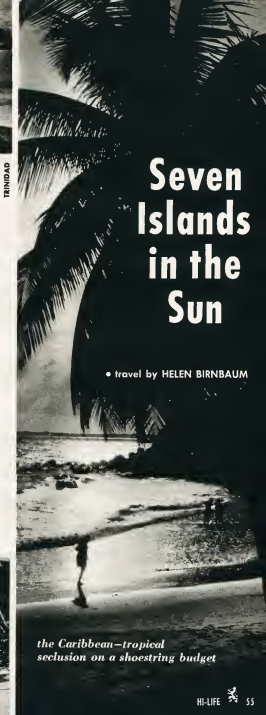
BARBADOS



ST. LUCIA



TOBAGO



Seven Islands in the Sun

• travel by HELEN BIRNBAUM

the Caribbean—tropical seclusion on a shoestring budget



"Hurry up, Ad . . . I want to use the bathroom."

HYSTERICAL HISTORICALS

• humor by TOBY WEEDEE

Attack on the Palais Royal



"We're on the wrong street . . . The Palace is two blocks over!"



Columbus at Sea

"All right . . . All right . . . No more beans!"

During the planning stages of *HI-LIFE* magazine, we decided that our contents would be incomplete without a section devoted to the serious art lover.

In our endeavor to find an art critic, we met one, unemployed Toby Weeder.

Weeder, a TV comedy show writer had become a *has-been* when the adult western shows shot the video comedians dead.

Having a weak spot in our heads, as well as our hearts, we offered him the job as our art critic, and assigned to him the following six famous historical reproductions on which to comment briefly.

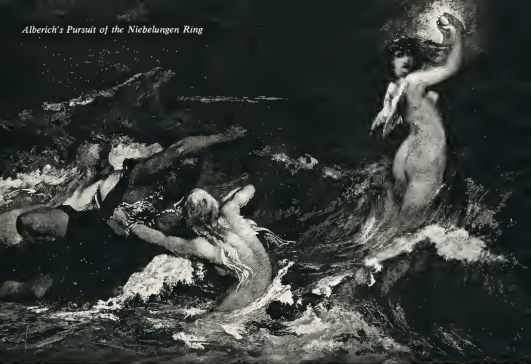
. . . We're going to miss him!

Marie Antoinette on her way to the Guillotine



"Heard any good jokes lately?"

(continued on next page)



"Let her go, George . . . She isn't worth it!"

Gustavus Adolphus Felled →



"Did anyone get the number of that car?"

(continued from page 7)

sleep, vast and lovely and wordless.

It was not easy to talk, even with his mother: it seemed so much more natural to say nothing, even when he was ill or bewildered, and sometimes she would call him to her.

John, are you all right? Why don't you say something? Let me see your tongue. John, is anything the matter?

But all he could do was look into her eyes. Sometimes he would be sick, but it was himself and anything that was himself couldn't be talked about and he would show his mother his tongue and let her hold his hand to see if he had a fever, and when she would say, John, John, you are sick, my poor boy; when she would say this, he would be amazed. That was in her mind, he would feel. She made that up. I'm just standing here. It meant, then, that he was outside, too, everywhere, outside of himself too, in other people's minds. They could see him and being larger they could see him differently from what he knew, and they could come to conclusions that were impossible for him. They could fix him in their minds as so much height and weight, so much face and mind, and a condition; but he couldn't do it. He was merely there, trying to figure it out, waiting.

It was the church then, God in Slavonian, and Jesus. He remembered the people singing, his mother sitting beside him, singing and looking strangely beautiful, something new in her, and a new odor, sweeter now. He wanted to sing with them. It was really beautiful, the Sunday morning light in the church, and everyone singing, but he didn't know the words. The earth was so lovely, it was so splendid to be alive, sitting in the church. Suddenly he began to pour himself out among the people, into the earth, singing with his mother, making up words, unable to remain silent any longer. That was a lovely time, that time in the church, singing because he was alive.

The locomotive came out of nowhere, big and black and the ringing of bells, the turning of steel wheels, making him afraid. John, his mother said, we are going away. They got aboard the train and sat down. He heard the locomotive begin to puff, and very slowly the train began to move, carrying him with it. He was amazed, sitting in the train. He saw the buildings coming to and going away from him, at first slowly, then swifter, and swifter, and swifter, and pretty soon it was like music, one two three, one two three, solid things hurrying by, flash, a tree, a house, flash, and the music, one two

three, one and one and two and two, the wheels grinding, a road, a river, flash, flash, and the scream of the locomotive. It is very sad to see so many things for such a little time, before he had even been able to look at them solidly, and the bigness of the place, one thing at a time, stretching out endlessly in all directions, the whole earth, nearly broke his heart. He wanted to touch everything. He wanted to have something to do with all of it. He wanted to be aware of, and to mean something to, everything he saw, every tree, every house, every face, all the earth, all the hills covered with grass and flowers, all the streams, and the house where he had lived with his father and his mother . . . where was that now? And where was he that had lived in that house? That little boy who couldn't learn to read . . .

It was a new place now, no hills, a smaller place, new faces, new streets, and he was still the same, though he was wearing a bigger pair of trousers and a new jacket.

Then it was a dream, carrying him to something new, a newer loveliness, a little girl named Maxine, in the third grade. In the dream he went to her and she saw his love and she loved him. What happened was this: they walked together, holding hands. In the morning, after the dream, he was ill with love for the girl. He could not eat breakfast, and he walked to school in a daze, wishing never to emerge from the dream. When he saw the girl in the classroom he became so ill with love he could barely stand on his legs. She sat two seats in front of him, across the aisle, and all day he sat staring at her soft brown hair, still living in the dream. He forgot that he was at school, and each time he was called on to recite, he could think of nothing to say; there was absolutely nothing to say: all he knew was that he loved the girl, loved her, loved her, nothing else. He wanted nothing other than to know that the girl loved him. He wondered what it could mean. A whole month he loved her secretly. Then she dwindled away, still coming to class but no longer meaning what she had once meant to him.

It was evening, and he was walking across the school grounds on his way home, singing *It's a long long way to Tipperary, it's a long way to go*. He was singing with all his might, and he hadn't seen Miss Fargo coming down the school steps. He had felt that he was alone and that he could shout it out the way he liked, but suddenly he saw her, stopping at the foot of the stairs, looking amazed.

Come here, John, he heard her say,

and he went to her, feeling ashamed of the noise he had made. He hadn't known anyone was around. He hadn't meant to let anyone hear him. He stood before her, holding his cap, feeling embarrassed.

Where is Tipperary, John? She asked.

In Ireland, he replied. He was afraid to look up into her face. She was a young teacher and he liked her very much. She had a lovely sadness and it was fine to sit in a room all day and look at her. Once she sighed sadly, and he sighed sadly, and she saw him and heard him. Then she looked into his eyes and smiled. She smiled at him alone, and when he left the room for recess, he went running through the school grounds with joy, tearing around because it was so fine, Miss Fargo seeing him, he himself, smiling at him.

She stood at the foot of the stairs a long minute, not speaking; then he felt her hand in his hair. Thank you, John, she said.

He could never forget that; it seemed very strange, very fine.

It was the valley, the hot sun, and he was walking along a road, through the vineyard country, with Fat Garakian, Pete Tobin, and Rex Ford . . . going swimming, in the summer. Then it was the water, cool and clean to the body, and the diving, all the boys naked . . . He could never forget them diving . . .

The war came along imperceptibly, and he was running through the town shouting Peace, Peace, The War Is Over . . .

In his sleep the locomotive smashed through the earth, and he felt the longing for remote places, to go away from the valley, to cross the mountains, to reach the sea, alien cities, far places. And he saw vast ships . . . away . . . to all the places of the earth, to Tipperary . . .

He was riding in a train, crossing the mountains, alone, seventeen . . . then a motor bus . . . nineteen . . . then the subway in New York . . . twenty . . .

The snow, the multitudes alive . . . twenty-one . . . one day, one night, the earth, himself, over and over again, one day, one night, the earth again, and again himself, and again himself, again and again . . .

He was sitting in the small room, drinking . . . twenty-two . . . and the girl was sitting across the table from him, watching him. He had been silent a long time, ten minutes perhaps, drinking . . .

Then he said, What is it you asked? She had been crying . . . one day, one night, to this, a new moment of talk, of being, and again himself, out-

(concluded on next page)

side, in another's mind, with another meaning . . .

John, he heard her say, John, talk to me . . . what are you thinking? . . . John, is anything the matter? . . .

He saw himself standing before the house, crying . . . and he heard the girl talking to him, saying the same things over and over again . . . John, John, is anything the matter? . . .

But she had been telling him something . . . something amusing, something that brought back the image of the sea of his sleep, and the moments of being alive . . . this girl, he thought, it is too splendid . . . then he began to laugh quietly, looking into her face, laughing about it . . .

Tell me again what you said . . . she was a girl he had met at a cheap dance . . .

Tell me again, he said . . . I didn't quite understand.

She began to talk again, seeming frightened, smoking a cigarette, and all he could get out of it was two months on the way, and it was his, she was sure it was his . . . she had had other men before she had known him but after that she hadn't would he believe her? . . . and now it was two months on the way and she was scared . . . she couldn't sleep . . . she just had to see him . . . what was he thinking?

You mean, he said, talking more to himself than to her, I myself, outside, in you, something growing, myself . . . is that what you mean?

Yes, yes, she said. John, please believe me . . . you will see that it's yours . . . I've never loved anyone but you . . . I knew you didn't mean it to be this way . . . I didn't either . . . it just happened . . . but it's yours, honest, John, I'm not making this up . . .

He began to laugh again, feeling large . . . outside of himself . . . possessing all the earth. I, he said, I myself, something growing in you . . .

Then you will? she said. I could kill it . . . there are doctors and I could get it out . . . but I thought maybe you wanted to know . . .

He got up with anger and shook the girl, smiling at her after a moment. What are you talking about? he said . . . don't talk like a chippy . . .

You will? she said.

He began to laugh with all his might . . . it's mine, isn't it? he said. He sat down again, smiling at her, amazed. How does it feel in you? he asked. Do you mean to tell me you're sure . . . not one of those other things . . . do you mean to say it's pretty large?

Yes, she said, yes, large . . . I can feel it . . . we can rent a small place . . .

It is very funny, he said . . . Don't worry, sure, do you think I'm crazy? We'll move to a small house . . .

You want to have it? he said . . . you're sure?

Yes, she said . . . I want to see it . . . outside, living . . .

You mean, he said, to have it looking at things . . . standing up on earth, looking?

Yes, she said, I could go to a doctor . . .

Don't talk that way, he said . . . how is it making you feel? I'm beginning to feel fine, he said.

I feel fine, too, she said; only I was scared . . . I thought you'd give me the money to go to a doctor . . .

Shut up, he said. If you say that again, I'll knock your teeth out . . .

But you love me . . . you love me, don't you, John?

Sure, he said, sure I love you . . . but that's not the point . . . tell me about it . . . do you sleep well?

I've been worrying, she said.

Stop worrying, he said . . . one day, one night, the earth, himself, then another, himself again, still another, and this other looking at the earth, through his eyes, seeing it, and a photograph, him holding the other, something small but of itself, and this girl . . . stop worrying, he said . . . we'll move to a small house and wait . . . I thought you were after money . . . I didn't quite understand what you were driving at . . . do you mean you want to see it, you yourself, outside, looking? . . . let me feel where it is, he said . . .

He touched the girl, laughing with her . . . yes, he thought, I myself, outside, growing in her . . . being the whole earth . . . you were talking so much, he said, I thought you were after money . . . I wasn't listening . . .

Sure, he said, sure . . . we'll move to a small house and wait . . . this is fine, he said . . . why didn't you say it plainly . . . why didn't you come right out with it . . . I thought you were after money . . .

He saw the earth growing in her through the night, the universe falling into the boundaries of the form of man, the face, the eyes, solidity, motion, articulation, then awareness, then quiet talk, quiet communion, himself again, and yet another, to proceed through time, one day, one night, the earth, and the energy of man, and the face of man, himself . . . he began to laugh softly, touching the girl where it was growing, feeling fine.

THE QUEEN BEES

(continued from page 16)

lake. I brought the plane in to the shore. Bill Horton was in his forties, a former fullback for a Big Ten team. He came running out to meet us, his mouth watering for sex. Charlie Bryan was a slim, ministerial looking man also in his forties who acted like anything but a minister when I carried Betty to the shore.

I yelled, "Cripe! Can't you wait until I get away before you start the act?" I stacked the two cases of liquor on the beach. Horton walked up to me, reached in the pocket of his lumber jacket and fluttered my bank draft in the breeze. I checked the figures and slid it into my pocket and climbed back in the plane.

I swung the plane for a takeoff and took a glance back at the shore. The four of them had disappeared into the cabin like greased lightning. I was sure Horton and Bryan were determined to get every inch of their money's worth as soon as possible.

Three days later, I flew back to pick up Leta and Betty. Both showed signs of the wear and tear of those three days of continuous sex. Horton and Bryan were calm as lambs and didn't bother to come down to the plane this time. They had my second draft ready and that was all I gave a damn about.

Betty didn't like the primitive life. "That cruddy backhouse," she said. "That's the first time I ever went outdoors for the call of nature. And those damned mosquitoes are as big as cows . . . and as sex crazy as those two clowns back there in the cabin. They swarm all over, bite you in the rear, everywhere, like they wanted some too! I ain't the pioneer type . . . I sure as hell ain't!"

Leta had little to say. She seemed happy with the bank draft she was carrying. I never knew how much it was, but it was high in the four figures. Horton and Bryan were already millionaires and I presumed that four or five grand was nothing for them to shell out for an annual sex party like this.

If I hadn't been such a damn fool hero for those dames, I would still have my plane, the air-supply franchise and my pilot's license. Leta kept getting crazier, bargaining with anyone who had the money for their services. She was after all she could get as fast as she could lay her hands on it. Betty Shean had a similar streak. All she wanted was money, money and more money—enough to go back to New

• End



York and live the life to which she wasn't accustomed. Plying their trade in lonely cabins in Alaska gave them a sense of security. They could go the limit up here, make a killing and be assured that their reputations would never catch up with them once they returned to civilization.

John Frederick Knowles was a geologist who had hit it rich in uranium. His sudden wealth seemed to whet his appetite for more than the usual Alaskan luxuries. He was prospecting for another kind of find. He met Leta and Betty in Anchorage and arranged for them to come to his cabin four hundred miles north. It was easy to understand why men away from women for months, and unable to leave their work, would pay large sums to have girls come to them. Somehow, Knowles didn't look the type. He had the face and looks of a wild animal. Frankly, I didn't like the guy.

Knowles had set a tempting price tag on his offer and the girls insisted on going to his cabin. I flew them up there and started to return... Then, I began worrying about my two queens. I should have left them to their fate. They were adult enough by now to know the score. Instead, I flew back. I heard screams as my Piper Cub landed on the lake. I taxied the plane to shore, got out and ran to the cabin. I kicked open the door. Evidently, during my departure, Knowles had invited a couple of his sex-hungry mining bosses over to make it an orgy.

They were as husky as gorillas and just as wild. The three of them were red-eyed drunk and very belligerent. Leta was being pinned to the floor, her blouse had been torn off and her face was covered with the bruises of a sound beating. Knowles was bent over her, his fist ready to lash out again. One of the hairy apes amused himself by pouring whiskey from a bottle over Betty's completely nude body. She was bound helplessly against a roof post, her arms fastened behind her with his belt.

I am six-foot-two and weigh two hundred pounds and I have used my fists since I was a kid. I waded into them with all that I had and left the three of them lying around the floor barely conscious. I didn't have time to grab the girls' clothes. I unleashed Betty from the post and the three of us ran for the plane.

The girls pushed and wrenched their soft bodies over me crowding into the little two-seater cabin. The feel of their feminine nudity next to me meant nothing at this particular moment. My only concern was to get that plane out

of there, pronto! I turned on the switch and gave it the throttle. The plane nosed out into the lake and we began the run for a takeoff when Knowles and one of his playmates came stumbling out of the cabin with rifles. They took parting shots at us as we winged over them. One of the bullets cut an oil line and the engine began to falter. The nearest body of water on which to make an emergency landing was a couple of hundred miles south. I took a stab at it. As fate had it, our engine clunked out thirty miles short of our goal with nothing but forests and mountains below us.

I had a couple of crash-landing experiences behind me during my piloting days in the Air Corps. I made the girls squeeze to the rear of the cabin and bury their faces in their hands. Our pontoons sheared the tops from the first three or four pine trees like asparagus tips. A second later, I saw the right wing fold up like a butterfly's wing. We hit like a ton of bricks. Everything went black for me after that.

When I regained consciousness, I found myself in a hospital bed in Anchorage. My leg was wrapped up like a prize smoked ham at Easter time. A gash shaped like the letter "L" was under the bandages on my forehead. Its scar is still a brand to Leta and her kind. Two husky guys wearing silver stars on their vests soon advised me that I was under arrest on a dozen counts which pointed directly at my "Operation, Sexball" enterprises.

When we crashed, our plane had been spotted by a patrol plane and within an hour, a rescue party bigger than the U.S. Fifth Infantry had reached us. What could you say when they had found you and two nude broads unconscious in a wrecked cockpit of an airplane?

It was a stinking mess, and I was lucky that the authorities went easy on me. I was given a choice of either a year in the clink or getting out of Alaska, pronto. I took the latter. The saddest part of my punishment was having lost my pilot's license and my plane. It's been two years now since I returned to the big city. Flying is still in my blood, but the only thing I'm allowed to go up in is the Ferris wheel at Coney Island. I drive a truck in the warehouse district. At least it keeps me in bread and butter.

I never knew what happened to the Queen Bees after the crash and I sure as hell didn't give a damn. I hoped that their kind was out of my loused-up life for good, but one night a couple of months ago I was splurging a

hoarded buck at the El Morocco. It was about 11:30 and the theatre crowd began strolling into the bar. I was fumbling around with a cherry in the bottom of my fourth empty glass feeling sorry for myself and still trying to figure a way to make a bundle without working my can off all the rest of my life, when who walked in but Leta and Betty.

They had a middle-aged 24 karat papa squeezed between them, and they were wrapped in mink from head to toe. Park Avenue was written all over them. They carried themselves with the air of the social set.

I slid out of sight with a grin on my face. I would be damned if I would be the guy to give away their secret. My Queen Bees had suddenly acquired lady-like culture and feminine delicacy. I knew they had made their fortune and penthouse by lying flat on their backs in some crummy cabins in far away Alaska, and I was the only guy in that whole crowded room who knew exactly where I could find them again if their money ran out!

• End

THE LAIR

(continued from page 46)

perate bid for freedom. She banged on the door and demanded to see the captain. She ripped the clothes from her lovely body and, nude, awaited him.

The captain entered the cabin to see Maria standing stark naked before him.

"Señor," she said, "I do not want to go to that jail. Land me somewhere along the coast. I shall pay you in the only coin I have. I shall give you myself!"

The captain regarded her beautifully young and excitingly eager body with a bland eye and a steady pulse.

"Señorita," he said, "I am 68-years-old. I have six grown children and fourteen grandchildren. My passion is bullfighting. It is regrettable your proposition was not made some thirty years ago!"

He left the room, and Maria's last hope of freedom went with him.

The only way to escape from the *Islas Marias* is to swim some twelve miles through shark-infested waters. Should Maria ever proposition her way beyond the gates, the sharks will find Maria's body attractive in a rather different way than did her countless boy friends.

• End

BAKER'S DOZEN

(continued from page 10)

anything else, which was all right by me! He had smelled his way around these South Seas, in the past, like a housebroken cat in a sand box. He decided to head for uncharted waters well off the shipping lanes where we could sit it out until help arrived.

When the first pink of dawn tinted the horizon, the old ship was still plowing a wake as she pushed full ahead. Everybody aboard had a glassy stare from lack of sleep and the mark of fear was written all over their faces. No one felt like making conversation. Below deck some of the guys stared from portholes, frequently taking a drag on a cigarette. Others just sat on the edge of their bunks wrapped neck-high in life preservers, occasionally looking up at the ladders to the hatchways. A lone negro soldier in his undershirt and helmet mouthed a few bars of "Chattanooga Choo Choo" on his harmonica. I didn't know how the girls were taking it, but I had a good idea that they, too, were pretty damned frightened. They hadn't left their quarters all night.

At seven bells, the captain piped orders to the engine room to cut the speed in half. He was pretty certain that he had shaken any subs that might have been on our tail during the night. I estimated that we had covered 125 miles since we broke convoy and that we were somewhere in the waters north-northeast of Tahiti.

By noontime, all our fears of the past fifteen hours had been choked by chain smoking, digested with chow and drenched away in the leisure of the hot, tropical sunshine and the calm, emerald green ocean that was all around us. Captain Bligh was so proud of his deliverance from evil that he declared it an official holiday by visiting the six gals with a bottle of vineyard cheer

from his own locker. The old buzzard had a way with the ladies. He soon had them laughing and he promised them that they would be safe on any ship that he skipped.

He had just returned to the pilot house, struck a match to his pipe and took command of the wheel again, when from out of nowhere a stream of little bubbles came plummeting straight at us a mile-a-minute. The lookout didn't even have time to yell before the whole ship tremored and rolled with the shock of a tremendous blast. Before I could get up from under the debris, I could see half of the Pacific pouring into the hold from the gapping hole in our side. All around me guys were screaming and fighting with each other like animals as they stumbled and clawed at the ladders to the hatchways. I knew *this* was it!

The second round of Nip torpedoes must have hit us almost simultaneously. My eardrums nearly burst with pain. I could feel myself being shot into positive black eternity at fifty million miles a second. A sea of bloody red blanketed my eyes. That's all I remember. . . .

Sure as hell, Lady Luck had a big, fat crush on me. When the second round of torpedoes clouted home, I must have been blown right out of the bowels of the old tub. I came to the moment I hit the water a few hundred yards away. The surface of the water looked like a punch bowl. It was strewn with bananas, broken boxes, deck chairs, life preservers, a scatter of playing cards and planking, and it was smothered with Diesel oil. I groped at some of the junk floating around in the waves near me and caught a look at the hell behind me. The ship was listing half over on her side and was sinking fast. A mushroom of black smoke belched from her stack and shrouded the whole sky in a eerie effect of mourning. She was a roaring inferno from the forward hold to the bridge.

I tightened my bear hug around the floating timber, wiped the oil out of my eyes with a wet shoulder and hoped to God that there were some survivors back there. I could see only one lifeboat dangling partly off her side with a half a dozen of the luckier ones in it. The only soul on the tilting decks was old, fat captain Bligh who was straddling the rail, frantically trying to unlatch the lifeboat with its survivors. He had just shoved the little boat clear of the inundated decks when the whole damned ship rolled over on him and started its death plunge to the bottom.

I began to yell my fat head off. That lifeboat was my only chance! I swallowed more oil in those few minutes than the engine in a cheap used car. It was burning my eyes so that I couldn't see a damned thing. I kept



yeeling until the sound of their oars reached me and they dragged me into the boat.

I sat flat on my buns in the bottom of the lifeboat and wiped the oil out of my eyes with the palms of my hands. When I opened my big, blue peepers, a pair of beautiful, sexy, lilywhite gums were planted directly in front of me. I looked up at my saviors. . . . God bless that onery captain's soul! He had kept his promise to them. The six girls were the only survivors of the ship.

Bobbing around the Pacific in a 24 foot lifeboat with half a dozen beautiful dames was something strictly from a Technicolor musical. I kept them occupied in constant conversation. I heard about their boy friends, their families, their army life and their childhood. . . . I even knew the cup sizes of their brassieres. It was obvious that the girls were as frightened as hell and needed some "man talk" to keep them from turning to sheer hysteria.

Darkness was creeping up fast. I could hear one of them sobbing and I knew it was time to give them the pitch. It wasn't easy telling six young women that they faced almost certain death. Foolish as it may seem, I felt like a husband, a big brother, a father and a bit of God to each of them. They took it like queens, without a murmur.

I knew we were drifting miles away from the shipping lanes, but I told them that we might have a very slim chance of survival if we stretched our food and water supplies. The girls bedded down in the bottom of the boat. None of them slept. I sat watch at the rudder. My gimpy leg was killing me.

Laura was the first to come aft in the dark. She sat next to me and we talked for quite a while. Mostly about those inconsequential things that, somehow, are so important to a woman. She re-bandaged my leg with a strip torn from her slip. Florence and Claire soon joined us for a cigarette. Margo stayed forward. Jerry had given me the impression of being the loose-brained type who might face a situation like this with a downpour of tears, but, to my surprise, she seemed to be getting a charge out of the whole ordeal. She groped her way back to us in the dark, carrying the only possession she had salvaged from the ship—her portable phonograph. . . . It was nuts. . . . There we sat, like a sorority meet on a marsh-mallow roast playing Harry James' "Sleepy Lagoon" over and over all night long, singing our heads off and floating around someplace thousands of miles out at sea.

It was the "caw" of the sea gull that

awakened me in the morning. The girls were sprawled all over the boat in distorted positions, sound asleep. Sure as hell that was a sea gull I had heard! I blinked my eyes and saw it swooping into the waves beyond the boat.

The sky was just beginning to turn lavender in the east. Pockets of fog draped the horizon. I couldn't be sure. . . . I waited a billion years during the next twenty minutes, while the sun rose and began to burn off the fog. Then I saw it through the clearing! My yell nearly scared the girls out of their little pink panties. There was an island dead ahead.

It took us nearly an hour before we hit the beach. It was as beautiful an island as any that Dorothy Lamour had ever inhabited. It was about five miles long and half-a-mile wide, complete with a sleepy lagoon and a small hill at the far end. It was blanketed with tropical growth and palm trees right down to the white, sandy beaches.

We spent the whole day exploring it, looking for some signs of the human race. All the necessities of life were there, including a little spring and everything that could possibly grow on trees. On our return trip, Claire spotted the remnants of an old wreck wedged in the reefs just off shore. The skeletons of its three-man crew and the tarnished gold sovereigns washed into the far corners of the rotten hull dated the wreck in the late 1860's. It also proved that no one had set foot on the island since. I was damned sure that they wouldn't have left without this tidy little treasure in gold pieces.

By the time our first week on the island had passed, I had built a palm branch hut, furnished it with tropical make-shift furniture and had carved our newly christened island's name on a signpost at the water's edge. It read: *Flatbush*. I had the girls doing all the other chores.

I'm sure that death would have been easier for them to face than the life they must be prepared for now. Our little island wasn't even charted on the maps. It was one of the farthest-most in the Tuamotu Archipelago surrounded by miles of hazardous coral reefs. It looked as though we might be there for years. Once I planted the circumstances firmly in their minds, I knew the rest would be up to nature, and I prepared to take my rightful place on the throne as the sultan of my harem.

I wasn't quite sure which one would be the first to start negotiations. I thought that it would probably be either Florene or Pat. These last two

weeks were probably the longest period that they had spent without curling up at night with a good man. Jerry had her phonograph to keep her warm and Claire—well, possibly.

The zero hour came one night later during the week. It was pitch black and I was half asleep in my bed of palms thinking about the girls sleeping all around me in the dark hut. Her soft hands came slithering out of nowhere and wrapped themselves around my shoulders. I didn't know which one it was. She didn't speak and I wasn't stupid enough to break silence and start asking questions. All I knew was that she had a pile of lovin' stored up and I was the guy she was asking to share it. I reached into the darkness above me and gently touched her face. I drew her down to me and her arms tightened around my back in a passionate embrace. . . .

Just before dawn, she kissed me tenderly and climbed to her feet. She disappeared into the darkness of the hut to take her place among the other five girls who hadn't stirred from their sleep during the whole enchanted evening.

During the course of the following day, we all went about our routine of gathering coconuts, clams and other essentials. I made a point of trying to route each one off to a secluded part of the island with me, in hopes of discovering which one of my household was last night's pearl. Not one of them flickered an eyelash in my direction. At this rate, I would *never* be sure which one it had been. It was a cinch that I couldn't ask the lot of them outright, or this would be the end of any coming attractions my mystery maiden might be planning.

The whole thing irritated the hell out of me. That night I flopped into my palm bed, wondering if she would show up for a return performance. It was another pitch black night!

Sure enough! Out of the darkness of the hut she worked her way quietly over to my bunk and parked her beautiful body close to mine without whispering a word. Now I'm not complaining, mind you, but the following four nights were also very dark and my amorous visitor took full advantage of the darkness to demonstrate her versatility. She had a full bag of tricks and she was determined to acquaint me with the joys of each and every one of them.

By the end of the week, I hadn't slept a wink. During the days I barely dragged my can around the island. I was goofing everything that I did. Tired

(concluded on next page)

as I was, I was a happy man, for the cat was about to be let out of the bag. If I could look this tired from the past week's night life, I was dead certain that my little night owl was just as tired.

At dinner I clowned with the six of them. We cranked the phonograph and with my last ounce of energy I jittersbugged with each of them, repeatedly, until I thought I would drop dead. I was positive this treatment would wear out the weakest among them and then I would know the answer to my dilemma. Three hours later the six of them were still hooping it up with all the spryness of a team of acrobats. I fell flat on my face, exhausted, and the gals rolled me into my beddy-bye for the night. Luck was with me, for there was a full moon for the next four nights and I slept like a log. I knew my little night-crawler wouldn't come out in the moonlight.

Six months had elapsed and still no ships had come by. In anticipation I had prepared several piles of dry branches and leaves on all sides of the island, ready for the torch, in case a ship or plane should pass. By now, I was a complete nervous wreck. I had slept only 24 nights out of 180. How I looked forward to those nights when there was a full moon!

There was a palm tree next to the hut that I had dedicated to my nocturnal achievements. It was a sort of score board. I used to get a kick out of counting the notches I carved into it after a profitable night, but now I had to climb up the tree to find room for new notches. It looked like an ear of corn.

The most sickening part of it all was that the girls were still as lively and happy as a bunch of nymphs in a field of tulips. Yet, one of them was killing me! But which one? I still didn't know.

Suddenly it dawned upon me! No woman could have undergone that much continuous loving without stopping. They just don't make females that operate in perpetual motion. I felt as if somebody had slammed a window on my nose... I had been taken! It was a conspiracy. All of them had been horizontal with me. They had taken turns, one each night. No wonder I had been amazed at the versatility. That was how they had all managed to stay so rested and healthy. Somehow, I had to get off of that island, away from all of them.

From then on, I spent every day alone on the hill watching for a ship. The girls were getting restless, for I hadn't spent a night in their hut for a long time. I knew that it was just a matter of time before they charged my fortress and

dragged me off to a fate worse than death.

One afternoon I spotted the smoke of a ship on the horizon. I frantically stoked the fires until they poured spirals of black smoke skyward. They were bound to see my distress signals. The ship came nearer until I could see her outline. The vessel was an old freighter that had probably gotten off of her course. When she was about four miles off the reefs, I could see them lowering a lifeboat over the side. They had seen my smoke signals. We were saved! I was so damned happy with the thought of getting away from my island of sex that I ran down to the beach to my harem. I was jumping up and down in the sand like a kid at a cowboy matinee, hugging and kissing all six of the girls.

Suddenly, at the height of my rejoicing, a blinding flash of fire en-

veloped the whole freighter, and a deafening blast followed. A Jap torpedo from a lurking sub cut the freighter in two. I watched her sink out of sight in just a few seconds, under a haze of smoke. I stood dumbfounded, peering at the spot at which she had gone down. I saw the lone lifeboat they had put over the side bobbing around in the water. It had some survivors in it. As they paddled slowly toward the beach, I was consoled with the idea of having some sturdy men around the island to handle my women problems.

The lifeboat was only a few yards away from us, when I waded out to guide it in to the shore. I froze in my tracks, horror stricken by what I saw. ... Seated in the lifeboat were the only survivors of that unfortunate ship—Seven beautiful army nurses!"

• End



(continued from page 55)

ANTIGUA (British possession)

Small beaches... though, if you look hard you can find one-arm bandits in which to drop your coins... few women, plenty of men... basically a quiet one-city island... clean... lots of sunshine... ideal for the young gentleman who wants to get away from it all. Accommodations limited, but available. Sea fishing, swimming, sailing, exploring, golf and tennis can be enjoyed. Antigua shows a strong British influence. Lord Nelson lived here, and his dockyard may be seen. A charter service offers two week trips through the surrounding smaller islands. Currency: \$1.00 equals \$1.69 B.W.I.

BARBADOS (British possession)

The island with everything for everyone... long stretches of beaches... four nightclubs... good hotels... interesting sightseeing... rugged Atlantic coast. St. James is the "Gold Coast" of the island. Good shopping in Bridgetown: Cashmere suits made to order from the finest British woolsens for about \$65. Sports include boxing, cricket, golf, horse-racing, lobstering, net casting, polo, shark hunting, swimming, tennis, treasure hunting and water polo. The natives, who call themselves *Bajans*, are gay, friendly and hospitable. Pink, coral sand beaches surround the island. Fresh drinking water is piped into most dwellings. Currency: \$1.00 equals \$1.69 B.W.I. dollars.

ST. LUCIA (British possession)

One of the most rugged and wild-looking of the islands in the Eastern Caribbean. Castries, the capitol of the island, is set on a natural, horseshoe harbor. The harbor is one of the finest in the islands. Take the mail boat to Soufriere, about a four hour trip. There is a small fishing village nearby that is famous for its sulphur springs. The springs are equal to those at Aix-les-Bains in Europe. St. Lucia's Soufriere is fascinating, and a safe place to observe volcanic activity. Native witch doctors dwell nearby. Climb the Pitons, a group of dead volcanic cones rising over 2,000 feet above the sea. St. Lucia is a *find* for the adventurer. Currency: \$1.00 equals \$1.69 B.W.I. dollars.

TRINIDAD (British possession)

Fabulous for tradition... mixture of races strongly evident... strong East Indian population, including Chinese... Has several mosques... waterfront nightclubs attract seamen of all nations... home of the Trinidad steel bands and Calypso. An island of rhythm, music and dance. Port-of-Spain is a large cosmopolitan port. Don't miss the *Little Carib*, a small theatre devoted to the dances of the West Indies. The Mardi Gras in Port-of-Spain is also a *must*. Island sports include boxing, cricket, golf, horse-racing, soccer, surf riding, swimming and water sports. Currency: \$1.00 equals \$1.69 B.W.I. dollars.

TOBAGO (British possession)

Natives claim that Defoe used Tobago as the setting for his book, *Robinson Crusoe*, but the character he had in mind actually was shipwrecked in South America. Buccoo Reef is an off-shore rendezvous for multi-colored tropical fish. Tourists go out to the reef by boat to wade and snorkel. Tobago is a quiet island with relatively little that is *touristy*. It is also a haven for the Bird of Paradise. Sea fishing and spear fishing are common sports. Tobago is just the spot for a group, honeymooners or the man-about-town wanting to get away from it all. It is just a half-hour from Trinidad by B.W.I.A. island hopper. Currency: \$1.00 equals \$1.69 B.W.I. dollars.

● End

(continued from page 19)

ment of *Just One Of Those Things*. Should Scott decide to try his luck on the road with a band of similar proportions, the arrangements presented here would make the foundation of a solid, swinging book.

Several attempts have been made in the past year to present jazz versions of Broadway shows. But the trouble with these albums has been that not all of the tunes selected for jazz treatment have been suitable to that medium. Now, on *Vik* (LX-1113), comes JAZZ GOES BROADWAY, to my mind the most successful album of this type to date. All of the tunes lend themselves well to the highly-successful and very tasty frameworks in which they are presented. Two well-balanced octets divide playing honors. On *Jubilant T. Cornpone*, *Big D*, *March The Knife* and *If'n*, the following are heard: Elliott Lawrence, piano; Chubby Jackson, bass; Don Lamond, drums; Al Cohn, baritone sax; Zoot Sims, tenor sax; Gene Quill, alto sax; Art Farmer, trumpet; and Jimmy Cleveland, trombone. For *Just In Time*, *I've Grown Accustomed To Her Face*, *On The Street Where You Live*, *Joey Joey*, *Look At 'Er* and *Standing On The Corner*, Urbie Green replaced Cleveland, Nick Travis replaced Farmer, and Hal McKusick's clarinet substituted for Quill. One soloist is featured on each number and some of the smoothest blowing of the set is provided by Al Cohn on *Just In Time*, Zoot Sims on *I've Grown Accustomed To Her Face*, Urbie Green on *Joey Joey* and Hal McKusick on *Look At 'Er*. Vik's Bob Rolontz, who has produced an intelligent and diversified jazz line for the label, is to be congratulated for bringing Chubby Jackson out of semi-retirement for the session. Chubby's booming bass is a great addition to all of the tracks.

A good blues singer, as they say, is hard to find. But Atlantic recorded Jimmy Witherspoon in a program of New Orleans blues with the able backing of Wilbur de Paris' swinging crew from Jimmy Ryan's on New York's 52nd Street. Witherspoon, who succeeded Walter Brown as vocalist with Jay McShann's Kansas City band, is in the tradition of Leadbelly, Ma Rainey, Bessie Smith and Joe Turner. But his own distinctive voice shines on such tunes as *St. Louis Blues*, *Tain't Nobody's Business If I Do*, *Big Pine Girl* and *How Long Blues*. Sidney de Paris' sensitive trumpet work is another high point of the album (Atlantic 1266).

One of the most relaxed yet free-swinging jam-session albums to arrive in some time is an RCA Victor offering entitled *RIDE, RED, RIDE IN HI-FI* (LPM-1509), featuring Henry (Red) Allen's All Stars. Heard are Red Allen, trumpet; Buster Bailey, clarinet; Coleman Hawkins, tenor sax; J. C. Higginbotham, trombone; Cozy Cole, drums; Marty Napoleon, piano; Lloyd Trotman, bass; and Everett Barksdale, guitar; as formidable a lineup as one could hope for. The boys aren't just blowing a gig, man, they're wailing. But it is a compact sound stemming from many previous hours of musical association at jam sessions, club dates and other meeting places. Allen, Bailey, Hawkins and Higginbotham all worked at one time or another for the great Fletcher Henderson band. Allen plays from the heart in a deeply-felt version of *I Cover The Waterfront*. On *Algiers Bounce* everybody gets a chance to kick it around for awhile, but it is Higginbotham's fine trombone work and Hawkins' modern-sounding (for him) sax solo that take particular honors. In my estimation, this group has never sounded better than they do in this album. Habitues of New York's Metropole Cafe (where Allen has been happily ensconced for years) will appreciate the rousing interpretation of *Ride, Red, Ride*.

● End

to that brother's daughter, who had received the name of Constance, Constance River; she herself being a River on her father's side. The carpenter, who knew that his sister was in a good position, did not lose sight of her, although they did not meet often, as they were both kept at home by their occupations, and lived a long way from each other. But when the girl was twelve years old, and about to be confirmed, he seized the opportunity to write to his sister, and ask her to come and be present at the ceremony. Their old parents were dead, and as Madame could not well refuse, she accepted the invitation. Her brother, whose name was Joseph, hoped that by dint of showing his sister attentions, she might be induced to make her will in the girl's favor, as she had no children of her own.

His sister's occupation did not trouble his scruples in the least, and, besides, nobody knew anything about it at Virville. When they spoke of her, they only said: "Madame Tellier is living at Fécamp," which might mean that she was living on her own private income. It was quite twenty leagues from Fécamp to Virville, and for a peasant, twenty leagues on land are more than is crossing the ocean to an educated person. The people at Virville had never been further than Rouen, and nothing attracted the people from Fécamp to a village of five hundred houses, in the middle of a plain, and situated in another department. At any rate, nothing was known about her business.

But the Confirmation was coming on, and Madame was in great embarrassment. She had no under-mistress, and did not at all care to leave her house, even for a day. She feared the rivalries between the girls upstairs and those downstairs would certainly break out; that Frederic would get drunk, for when he was in that state, he would knock anybody down for a mere word. At last, however, she made up her mind to take them all with her, with the exception of the man, to whom she gave a holiday, until the next day but one.

When she asked her brother, he made no objection, but undertook to put them all up for a night. So on Saturday morning the eight o'clock express carried off Madame and her companions in a second-class carriage. As far as Beuzeville they were alone, and chattered like magpies, but at that station a couple got in. The man, an aged peasant dressed in a blue blouse with a folding collar, wide sleeves tight at the wrist, and ornamented with white embroidery, wore an old high hat with long nap. He held an enormous green umbrella in one hand, and a large basket in the other, from which the heads of three frightened ducks protruded. The woman, who sat stiffly in her rustic finery, had a face like a fowl, and with a nose that was as pointed as a bill. She sat down opposite her husband and did not stir, as she was startled at finding herself in such smart company.

There was certainly an array of striking colors in the carriage. Madame was dressed in blue silk from head to foot, and had over her dress a dazzling red shawl of imitation French cashmere. Fernande was pining in a Scottish plaid dress, whose bodice, which her companions had laced as tight as they could, had forced up her falling bosom into a double dome, that was continually heaving up and down, and which seemed liquid beneath the material. Raphaëlle, with a bonnet covered with feathers, so that it looked like a nest full of birds, had on a lilac dress with gold spots on it; there was something Oriental about it that suited her Jewish face. Rosa the Jade had on a pink petticoat with large flounces, and looked like a very fat child, an obese dwarf; while the Two Pumps looked as if they had cut their dresses

out of old, flowered curtains, dating from the Restoration.

Perceiving that they were no longer alone in the compartment, the ladies put on staid looks, and began to talk of subjects which might give the others a high opinion of them. But at Bolbec a gentleman with light whiskers, with a gold chain, and wearing two or three rings, got in, and put several parcels wrapped in oil cloth into the net over his head. He looked inclined for a joke, and a good-natured fellow.

"Are you ladies changing your quarters?" he asked. The question embarrassed them all considerably. Madame, however, quickly recovered her composure, and said sharply, to avenge the honor of her corps:

"I think you might try and be polite!"

He excused himself, and said: "I beg your pardon, I ought to have said your nunnery."

As Madame could not think of a retort, or perhaps as she thought herself justified sufficiently, she gave him a dignified bow, and pinched in her lips.

Then the gentleman, who was sitting between Rosa the Jade and the old peasant, began to wink knowingly at the ducks, whose heads were sticking out of the basket. When he felt that he had fixed the attention of his public, he began to tickle them under their bills, and spoke funnily to them, to make the company smile.

"We have left our little pond, quack! quack! to make the acquaintance of the little spit, quack! quack!"

The unfortunate creatures turned their necks away to avoid his caresses, and made desperate efforts to get out of their wicker prison, and then, suddenly, all at once, uttered the most lamentable quacks of distress. The women exploded with laughter. They leaned forward and pushed each other, so as to see better; they were very much interested in the ducks, and the gentleman redoubled his airs, his wit, and his teasing.

Rosa joined in, and leaning over her neighbor's legs, she kissed the three animals on the head. Immediately all the girls wanted to kiss them in turn, and the gentleman took them on to his knees, made them jump up and down and pinched them. The two peasants, who were even in greater consternation than their poultry, rolled their eyes as if they were possessed, without venturing to move, and their old wrinkled faces had not a smile nor a movement.

Then the gentleman, who was a commercial traveler, offered the ladies braces by way of a joke, and taking up one of his packages, he opened it. It was a trick, for the parcel contained garters. There were blue silk, pink silk, red silk, violet silk, mauve silk garters, and the buckles were made of two gilt metal Cupids, embracing each other. The girls uttered exclamations of delight, and looked at them with that gravity which is natural to a woman when she is hankering after a bargain. They consulted one another by their looks or in a whisper, and replied in the same manner, and Madame was longingly handling a pair of orange garters that were broader and more imposing than the rest; really fit for the mistress of such an establishment.

The gentleman waited, for he was nourishing an idea.

"Come, my kittens," he said, "you must try them on."

There was a torrent of exclamations, and they squeezed their petticoats between their legs, as if they thought he was going to ravish them, but he quietly waited his time, and said: "Well, if you will not, I shall pack them up again."

And he added cunningly: "I offer any pair they like, to those who will try them on."

But they would not, and sat up very straight, and looked dignified.

But the Two Pumps looked so distressed that he renewed the offer to them. Flora especially hesitated, and he pressed her:



"Come, my dear, a little courage! Just look at that lilac pair; it will suit your dress admirably."

That decided her, and pulling up her dress she showed a thick leg fit for a milk-maid, in a badly-fitting, coarse stocking. The commercial traveler stooped down and fastened the garter below the knee first of all and then above it; and he tickled the girl gently, which made her scream and jump. When he had done, he gave her the lilac pair, and asked: "Who next?"

"I! I!" they all shouted at once, and he began on Rosa the Jade, who uncovered a shapeless, round thing without any ankle, a regular "sausage of a leg," as Raphaëlle used to say.

The commercial traveler complimented Fernande, and grew quite enthusiastic over her powerful columns.

The thin tibias of the handsome Jewess met with less flattery, and Louise Cocotte, by way of a joke, put her petticoats over the man's head, so that Madame was obliged to interfere to check such unseemly behavior.

Lastly, Madame herself put out her leg, a handsome, muscular, Norman leg, and in his surprise and pleasure the commercial traveler gallantly took off his hat to salute that master calf, like a true French cavalier.

The two peasants, who were speechless from surprise, looked askance, out of the corners of their eyes. They looked so exactly like fowls, that the man with the light whiskers, when he sat up, said "Co-co—ri-co," under their very noses, and that gave rise to another storm of amusement.

The old people got out at Morteville, with their basket, their ducks, and their umbrella, and they heard the woman say to her husband, as they went away:

"They are sluts, who are off to that cursed place, Paris."

The funny commercial traveler himself got out at Rouen, after behaving so coarsely that Madame was obliged sharply to put him into his right place. She added, as a moral: "This will teach us not to talk to the first comer."

At Oissel they changed trains, and at a little station further on Monsieur Joseph Rivet was waiting for them with a large cart and a number of chairs in it, which was drawn by a white horse.

The carpenter politely kissed all the ladies, and then helped them into his conveyance.

Three of them sat on three chairs at the back, Raphaëlle, Madame, and her brother on the three chairs in front, and Rosa, who had no seat, settled herself as comfortably as she could on tall Fernande's knees, and then they set off.

But the horse's jerky trot shook the cart so terribly, that the chairs began to dance, throwing the travelers into the air, to the right and to the left, as if they had been dancing puppets. This made them make horrible grimaces and screams, which, however, were cut short by another jolt of the cart.

They clung to the sides of the vehicle, their bonnets fell on to their backs, their noses on their shoulders, and the white horse trotted on, stretching out his head and holding out his tail quite straight, a little hairless rat's tail, with which he whisked his buttocks from time to time.

Joseph Rivet, with one leg on the shafts and the other bent under him, held the reins with elbows high and kept uttering a kind of chuckling sound, which made the horse prick up its ears and go faster.

The green country extended on either side of the road, and here and there the colza in flower presented a waving expanse of yellow, from which there arose a strong, wholesome, sweet and penetrating smell, which the wind carried to some distance.

The cornflowers showed their little blue heads among the rye, and the women wanted to pick them, but Monsieur Rivet refused to stop.

Then sometimes a whole field appeared to be covered with blood, so thickly were the poppies growing, and the cart, which looked as if it were filled with flowers of more brilliant hue, drove on through the fields colored with wild flowers, to disappear behind the trees of a farm, then to reappear and go on again through the yellow or green standing crops studded with red or blue.

One o'clock struck as they drove up to the carpenter's door. They were tired out, and very hungry, as they had eaten nothing since they left home. Madame Rivet ran out, and made them alight, one after another, kissing them as soon as they were on the ground. She seemed as if she would never tire of kissing her sister-in-law, whom she apparently wanted to monopolize. They had lunch in the workshop, which had been cleared out for the next day's dinner.

A capital omelette, followed by boiled chitterlings, and washed down by good, sharp cider, made them all feel comfortable.

Rivet had taken a glass so that he might hob-nob with them, and his wife cooked, waited on them, brought in the dishes, took them out, and asked all of them in a whisper whether they had everything they wanted. A number of boards standing against the walls, and heaps of shavings that had been swept into the corners, gave out the smell of planed wood, of carpeting, that resinous odor which penetrates the lungs.

They wanted to see the little girl, but she had gone to church, and would not be back until evening, so they all went out for a stroll in the country.

It was a small village, through which the high road passed. Ten or a dozen houses on either side of the single street had for tenants the butcher, the grocer, the carpenter, the innkeeper, the shoemaker, and the baker, and others.

The church was at the end of the street. It was surrounded by a small churchyard, and four enormous lime-trees, which stood just outside the porch, shaded it completely. It was built of flint, in no particular style, and had a slated steeple. When you got past it, you were in the open country again, which was broken here and there by clumps of trees which hid some homestead.

Rivet had given his arm to his sister, out of politeness, although he was in his working clothes, and was walking with her majestically. His wife, who was overwhelmed by Raphaëlle's gold-striped dress, was walking between her and Fernande, and round Rosa was trotting behind with Louise Cocotte and Flora, the see-saw, who was limping along, quite tired out.

The inhabitants came to their doors, the children left off playing, and a window curtain would be raised, so as to show a muslin cap, while an old woman with a crutch, who was almost blind, crossed herself as if it were a religious procession. They all looked for a long time after those handsome ladies from the town, who had come so far to be present at the confirmation of Joseph Rivet's little girl, and the carpenter rose very much in the public estimation.

As they passed the church, they heard some children singing; little shrill voices were singing a hymn, but Madame would not let them go in, for fear of disturbing the little cherubs.

After a walk, during which Joseph Rivet enumerated the principal landed proprietors, spoke about the yield of the land, and the productiveness of the cows and sheep, he took his flock of women home and installed them in his house, and as it was very small, he had put them into the rooms, two and two.

Just for once, Rivet would sleep in the workshop on the shavings; his wife was going to share her bed with her

(continued on next page)

sister-in-law, and Fernande and Raphaëlle were to sleep together in the next room. Louise and Flora were put into the kitchen, where they had a mattress on the floor, and Rosa had a little dark cupboard at the top of the stairs to herself, close to the loft, where the candidate for confirmation was to sleep.

When the girl came in, she was overwhelmed with kisses; all the women wished to caress her, with that need of tender expansion, that habit of professional wheedling, which had made them kiss the ducks in the railway carriage.

They took her on to their laps, stroked her soft, light hair, and pressed her in their arms with vehement and spontaneous outbursts of affection, and the child, who was very good-natured and docile, bore it all patiently.

As the day had been a fatiguing one for everybody, they all went to bed soon after dinner. The whole village was wrapped in that perfect stillness of the country, which is almost like a religious silence, and the girls, who were accustomed to the noisy evenings of their establishment, felt rather impressed by the perfect repose of the sleeping village. They shivered, not with cold, but with those little shivers of solitude which come over uneasy and troubled hearts.

As soon as they were in bed, two and two together, they clasped each other in their arms, as if to protect themselves against this feeling of the calm and profound slumber of the earth. But Rosa and Jade, who was alone in her little dark cupboard, felt a vague and painful emotion come over her.

She was tossing about in bed, unable to get to sleep, when she heard the faint sobs of a crying child close to her head, through the partition. She was frightened, and called out, and was answered by a weak voice, broken by sobs. It was the little girl who, being used to sleeping in her mother's room, was frightened in her small attic.

Rosa was delighted, got up softly so as not to awaken anyone, and went and fetched the child. She took her into her warm bed, kissed her and pressed her to her bosom, caressed her, lavished exaggerated manifestations of tenderness on her, and at last grew calmer herself and went to sleep. And till morning, the candidate for confirmation slept with her head on Rosa's naked bosom.

At five o'clock, the little church bell ringing the "Angelus" woke these women up, who as a rule slept the whole morning long.

The peasants were up already, and the women went busily from house to house, carefully bringing short, starched, muslin dresses in handboxes or very long wax tapers, with a bow of silk fringed with gold in the middle, and with dents in the wax for the fingers.

The sun was already high in the blue sky, which still had a rosy tint toward the horizon, like a faint trace of dawn, remaining. Families of fowls were walking about the hen-houses, and here and there a black cock, with a glistening breast, raised his head, crowned by his red comb, flapped his wings, and uttered his shrill crow, which the other cocks repeated.

Vehicles of all sorts came from neighboring parishes, and discharged tall, Norman women, in dark dresses, with neck-handkerchiefs crossed over the bosom, and fastened with silver brooches, a hundred years old.

The men had put on blouses over their new frock coats, or over their old dress coats of green cloth, the tails of which hung down below their blouses. When the horses were in the stable, there was a double line of rustic conveyances along the road; carts, carbioles, tilburies, char-à-bancs, traps of every shape and age, resting on their shafts, or pointing them in the air.

The carpenter's house was as busy as a beehive. The ladies,

in dressing jackets and petticoats, with their long, thin, light hair, which looked as if it were faded and worn by dyeing, were busy dressing the child, who was standing motionless on a table, while Madame Tellier was directing the movements of her battalion. They washed her, did her hair, dressed her, and with the help of a number of pins, they arranged the folds of her dress, and took in the waist, which was too large.

Then, when she was ready, she was told to sit down and not to move, and the women hurried off to get ready themselves.

The church bell began to ring again, and its tinkle was lost in the air, like a feeble voice which is soon drowned in space. The candidates came out of the houses, and went toward the parochial building which contained the school and the mansion house. This stood quite at one end of the village, while the church was situated at the other.

The parents, in their very best clothes, followed their children with awkward looks, and with the clumsy movements of bodies that are always bent at work.

The little girls disappeared in a cloud of muslin, which looked like whipped cream, while the lads, who looked like embryo waiters in a café, and whose heads shone with pomatum, walked with their legs apart, so as not to get any dust or dirt on to their black trousers.

It was something for the family to be proud of; a large number of relatives from distant parts surrounded the child, and, consequently, the carpenter's triumph was complete.

Madame Tellier's regiment, with its mistress at its head, followed Constance; her father gave his arm to his sister, her mother walked by the side of Raphaëlle. Fernande with Rosa, and the Two Pumps together. Thus they walked majestically through the village, like a general's staff in full uniform, while the effect on the village was startling.

At the school, the girls arranged themselves under the Sister of Mercy, and the boys under the schoolmaster, and they started off, singing a hymn as they went. The boys led the way, in two files, between the two rows of vehicles, from which the horses had been taken out, and the girls followed in the same order. As all the people in the village had given the town ladies the precedence out of politeness, they came immediately behind the girls, and lengthened the double line of the procession still more, three on the right and three on the left, while their dresses were as striking as a bouquet of fireworks.

When they went into the church, the congregation grew quite excited. They pressed against each other, they turned round, they jostled one another in order to see. Some of the devout ones almost spoke aloud, so astonished were they at the sight of these ladies, whose dresses were trimmed more elaborately than the priest's chasuble.

The Mayor offered them his pew, the first one on the right, close to the choir, and Madame Tellier sat there with her sister-in-law; Fernande and Raphaëlle, Rosa the Jade, and the Two Pumps occupied the second seat, in company with the carpenter.

The choir was full of kneeling children, the girls on one side, and the boys on the other, and the long wax tapers which they held, looked like lances, pointing in all directions. Three men were standing in front of the lecturn, singing as loud as they could.

They prolonged the syllables of the sonorous Latin indefinitely, holding on to the *Amen*s with interminable *a-a's*, which the serpent of the organ kept up in the monotonous, long-drawn-out notes, emitted by the deep-throated pipes.

A child's shrill voice took up the reply, and from time to time a priest sitting in a stall and wearing a biretta, got up, muttered something, and sat down again. The three singers

continued, with their eyes fixed on the big book of plain-song lying open before them on the outstretched wings of an eagle, mounted on a pivot.

Then silence ensued. The service went on, and toward the end of it, Rosa, with her head in both her hands, suddenly thought of her mother, and her village church on a similar occasion. She almost fancied that that day had returned, when she was so small, and almost hidden in her white dress, and she began to cry.

First of all she wept silently, the tears dropped slowly from her eyes, but her emotion increased with her recollections, and she began to sob. She took out her pocket-handkerchief, wiped her eyes, and held it to her mouth, so as not to scream, but it was useless.

A sort of rattle escaped her throat, and she was answered by two other profound, heart-breaking sobs; for her two neighbors, Louise and Flora, who were kneeling near her, overcome by similar recollections, were sobbing by her side. There was a flood of tears, and as weeping is contagious, Madame soon found that her eyes were wet, and on turning to her sister-in-law, she saw that all the occupants of the pew were crying.

Soon, throughout the church, here and there, a wife, a mother, a sister, seized by the strange sympathy of poignant emotion, and agitated by the grief of those handsome ladies on their knees, who were shaken by their sobs, was moistening her cambric pocket-handkerchief, and pressing her beating heart with her left hand.

Just as the sparks from an engine will set fire to dry grass, so the tears of Rosa and of her companions infected the whole congregation in a moment. Men, women, old men, and lads in new blouses were soon sobbing; something superhuman seemed to be hovering over their heads—a spirit, the powerful breath of an invisible and all-powerful being.

Suddenly a species of madness seemed to pervade the church, the noise of a crowd in a state of frenzy, a tempest of sobs and of stifled cries. It passed over the people like gusts of wind which bow the trees in a forest, and the priest, overcome by emotion, stammered out incoherent prayers, those inarticulate prayers of the soul, when it soars toward heaven.

The people behind him gradually grew calmer. The cantors, in all the dignity of their white surplices, went on in somewhat uncertain voices, and the organ itself seemed hoarse, as if the instrument had been weeping. The priest, however, raised his hand, as a sign for them to be still, and went to the chancel steps. All were silent immediately.

After a few remarks on what had just taken place, which he attributed to a miracle, he continued, turning to the seats where the carpenter's guests were sitting:

"I especially thank you, my dear sisters, who have come from such a distance, and whose presence among us, whose evident faith and ardent piety have set such a salutary example to all. You have edified my parish; your emotion has warmed all hearts; without you, this day would not, perhaps, have had this really divine character. It is sufficient, at times, that there should be one chosen to keep in the flock, to make the whole flock blessed."

His voice failed him again, from emotion, and he said no more, but concluded the service.

They all left the church as quickly as possible; the children themselves were restless, tired with such a prolonged tension of the mind. Besides, the elders were hungry, and one after another left the churchyard, to see about dinner.

There was a crowd outside, a noisy crowd, a babel of loud voices, in which the shrill Norman accent was discernible. The villagers formed two ranks, and when the children appeared, each family seized their own.

The whole household of women caught hold of Constance, surrounded her and kissed her, and Rosa was especially demonstrative. At last she took hold of one hand, while Madame Tellier held the other, and Raphaëlle and Fernande held up her long muslin petticoat, so that it might not drag in the dust. Louise and Flora brought up the rear with Madame Rivet, and the child, who was very silent and thoughtful, set off home, in the midst of this guard of honor.

The dinner was served in the workshop, on long boards supported by trestles, and through the open door they could see all the enjoyment that was going on. Everywhere people were feasting; through every window could be seen tables surrounded by people in the Sunday clothes. There was merriment in every house—men sitting in their shirt sleeves, drinking cider, glass after glass.

In the carpenter's house the gaiety took on somewhat of an air of reserve, the consequence of the emotion of the girls in the morning. Rivet was the only one who was in good luck, and he was drinking to excess. Madame Tellier was looking at the clock every moment, for, in order not to lose two days following, they ought to take the 3:55 train, which would bring them to Fécamp by dark.

The carpenter tried very hard to distract her attention, so as to keep his guests until the next day. But he did not succeed, for she never joked when there was business to be done, and as soon as they had had their coffee she ordered her girls to make haste and get ready. Then, turning to her brother, she said:

"You must have the horse put in immediately," and she herself went to complete her preparations.

When she came down again, her sister-in-law was waiting to speak to her about the child, and a long conversation took place, in which, however, nothing was settled. The carpenter's wife finessed, and pretended to be very much moved, and Madame Tellier, who was holding the girl on her knees, would not pledge herself to anything definite, but merely gave vague promises: she would not forget her, there was plenty of time, and then, they were sure to meet again.

But the conveyance did not come to the door, and the

(continued on next page)



"ANNIE—that's a nice handle!"

women did not come downstairs. Upstairs, they even heard loud laughter, falls, little screams, and much clapping of hands, and so, while the carpenter's wife went to the stable to see whether the cart was ready, Madame went upstairs.

Rivet, who was very drunk and half undressed, was vainly trying to kiss Rosa, who was choking with laughter. The Two Pumps were holding him by the arms and trying to calm him, as they were shocked at such a scene after that morning's ceremony; but Raphaëlle and Fernande were urging him on, writhing and holding their sides with laughter, and they uttered shrill cries at every useless attempt that the drunken fellow made.

The man was furious, his face was red, his dress disordered, and he was trying to shake off the two women who were clinging to him, while he was pulling Rosa's bodice, with all his might, and ejaculating: "Won't you, you slut?"

But Madame, who was very indignant, went up to her brother, seized him by the shoulders, and threw him out of the room with such violence that he fell against a wall in the passage, and a minute afterward, they heard him pumping water on his head in the yard. When he came back with the cart, he was already quite calmed down.

They seated themselves in the same way as they had done the day before, and the little white horse started off with his quick, dancing trot. Under the hot sun, their fun, which had been checked during dinner, broke out again. The girls now were amused at the jolts which the wagon gave, pushed their neighbor's chairs, and burst out laughing every moment, for they were in the vein for it, after Rivet's vain attempt.

There was a haze over the country, the roads were glaring, and dazzled their eyes. The wheels raised up two trails of dust, which followed the cart for a long time along the highroad, and presently Fernande, who was fond of music, asked Rosa to sing something. She boldly struck up the "Gros Curé de Meudon," but Madame made her stop immediately, as she thought it a song which was very unsuitable for such a day, and added:

"Sing us something of Béranger's."

After a moment's hesitation, Rosa began Béranger's song, "The Grandmother," in her worn-out voice, and all the girls, and even Madame herself, joined in the chorus:

"How I regret

My dimpled arms,

My well-made legs,

And my vanished charms."

"That is first-rate," Rivet declared, carried away by the rhythm. They shouted the refrain to every verse, while Rivet beat time on the shafts with his foot, and on the horse's back with the reins. The animal, himself, carried away by the rhythm, broke into a wild gallop, and threw all the women in a heap, one on the top of the other, in the bottom of the conveyance.

They got up, laughing as if they were crazy, and the song went on, shouted at the top of their voices, beneath the burning sky and among the ripening grain, to the rapid gallop of the little horse, who set off every time the refrain was sung, and galloped a hundred yards, to their great delight. Occasionally a stone breaker by the roadside sat up, and looked at the wild and shouting female load, through his wire spectacles.

When they got out at the station, the carpenter said:

"I am sorry you are going; we might have had some fun together."

But Madame replied very sensibly: "Everything has its right time, and we cannot always be enjoying ourselves."

And then he had a sudden inspiration: "Look here, I will come and see you at Fécamp next month." And he gave a

knowing look, with his bright and roguish eyes.

"Come," Madame said, "you must be sensible; you may come if you like, but you are not to be up to any of your tricks."

He did not reply, and as they heard the whistle of the train he immediately began to kiss them all. When it came to Rosa's turn, he tried to get to her mouth, which she, however, smiling with her lips closed, turned away from him each time by a rapid movement of her head to one side. He held her in his arms, but he could not attain his object, as his large whip, which he was holding in his hand and waving behind the girl's back in desperation, interfered with his efforts.

"Passengers for Rouen, take your seats, please!" a guard cried, and they got in. There was a slight whistle followed by a loud one from the engine, which noisily puffed out its first jet of steam, while the wheels began to turn a little, with visible effort. Rivet left the station and went to the gate by the side of the line to get another look at Rosa, and as the carriage full of human merchandise passed him, he began to crack his whip and to jump, singing at the top of his voice:

"How I regret

My dimpled arms,

My well-made legs,

And my vanished charms!"

And then he watched a white pocket-handkerchief, which somebody was waving, as it disappeared in the distance.

III

They slept the peaceful sleep of quiet consciences, until they got to Rouen. When they returned to the house, refreshed and rested, Madame could not help saying:

"It was all very well, but I was already longing to get home."

They hurried over their supper, and then, when they had put on their usual light evening costumes, waited for their usual customers. The little colored lamp outside the door told the passers-by that the flock had returned to the fold, and in a moment the news spread, nobody knew how, or by whom.

Monsieur Philippe, the banker's son, even carried his audacity so far as to send a special messenger to Monsieur Tournevau, who was in the bosom of his family.

Every Sunday the fish-curer used to have several cousins to dinner, and they were having coffee, when a man came in with a letter in his hand. Monsieur Tournevau was much excited; he opened the envelope and grew pale; it only contained these words in pencil:

"The cargo of fish has been found; the ship has come into port; good business for you. Come immediately."

He felt in his pockets, gave the messenger two-pence, and suddenly blushing to his ears, he said: "I must go out." He handed his wife the laconic and mysterious note, rang the bell, and when the servant came in, he asked her to bring him his hat and overcoat immediately. As soon as he was in the street, he began to run, and the way seemed to him to be twice as long as usual, in consequence of his impatience.

Madam Tellier's establishment had put on quite a holiday look. On the ground floor, a number of sailors were making a deafening noise, and Louise and Flora drank with one and the other, so as to merit their name of the Two Pumps more than ever. They were being called for everywhere at

once; already they were not quite sober enough for their business, and the night bid fair to be a very jolly one.

The upstairs room was full by nine o'clock. Monsieur Vassi, the Judge of the Tribunal of Commerce, Madame's usual Platonic wooer, was talking to her in a corner, in a low voice, and they were both smiling, as if they were about to come to an understanding.

Monsieur Poulin, the ex-mayor, was holding Rosa on his knees; and she, with her nose close to his, was running her hands through the old gentleman's white whiskers.

Tall Fernande, who was lying on the sofa, had both feet on Monsieur Pinipesse the tax-collector's stomach, and her back on young Monsieur Philippe's waistcoat; her right arm was round his neck, and she held a cigarette in her left.

Raphaelle appeared to be discussing matters with Monsieur Dupuis, the insurance agent, and she finished by saying: "Yes, my dear, I will."

Just then, the door opened suddenly, and Monsieur Tourneveau came in. He was greeted with enthusiastic cries of: "Long live Tourneveau!" and Raphaelle, who was twirling round, went and threw herself into his arms. He seized her in a vigorous embrace, and without saying a word, lifting her up as if she had been a feather, he carried her through the room.

Rosa was chatting to the ex-mayor, kissing him every moment, and pulling both his whiskers at the same time in order to keep his head straight.

Fernande and Madame remained with the four men, and Monsieur Philippe exclaimed: "I will pay for some champagne; get three bottles, Madame Tellier." And Fernande gave him a hug, and whispered to him: "Play us a waltz, will you?" So he rose and sat down at the old piano in the corner, and managed to get a hoarse waltz out of the entrails of the instrument.

The tall girl put her arms around the tax-collector, Madame asked Monsieur Vassi to take her in his arms, and the two couples turned round, kissing as they danced. Monsieur Vassi, who had formerly danced in good society, waltzed with such elegance that Madame was quite captivated.

Frederic brought the champagne; the first cork popped, and Monsieur Philippe played the introduction to a quadrille, through which the four dancers walked in society fashion, decorously, with propriety of deportment, with bows, and carties, and then they began to drink.

Monsieur Philippe next struck up a lively polka, and Monsieur Tourneveau started off with the handsome Jewess, whom he held up in the air, without letting her feet touch the ground. Monsieur Pinipesse and Monsieur Vassi had started off with renewed vigor and from time to time one or other couple would stop to toss off a long glass of sparkling wine. The dance was threatening to become never-ending, when Rosa opened the door.

"I want to dance," she exclaimed. And she caught hold of Monsieur Dupuis, who was sitting idle on the couch, and the dance began again.

But the bottles were empty. "I will pay for one," Monsieur Tourneveau said.

"So will I," Monsieur Vassi declared.

"And I will do the same," Monsieur Dupuis remarked.

They all began to clap their hands, and it soon became a regular ball. From time to time, Louise and Flora ran upstairs quickly, had a few turns while their customers downstairs grew impatient, and then they returned regretfully to the café. At midnight they were still dancing.

Madame shut her eyes to what was going on, and she had long private talks in corners with Monsieur Vassi, as if to settle the last details of something that had already been agreed upon.

At last, at one o'clock, the two married men, Monsieur Tourneveau and Monsieur Pinipesse, declared that they were going home, and wanted to pay. Nothing was charged for except the champagne, and that only cost six francs a bottle, instead of ten, which was the usual price, and when they expressed their surprise at such generosity, Madame, who was beaming, said to them:

"We don't have a holiday every day."

● Finis



"You'll wear it out before you get it home!"

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As if *this* wasn't brutal enough, the next act would make an evil genius of the Spanish Inquisition look like my sweet, old Aunt Rebecca.

The banderilleros, their tight-fitting pants glittering with silver sequins, took over. They were carrying razor-sharp lances. The only good thing about these lances is their melody of colors. They are beautiful. The banderilleros' job is to stick these weapons deep into the flesh on the back of the bull to weaken his muscles so he can't raise his head. The banderilleros did a good job. When their work was over, the poor bull had lances sticking from his shoulders at all angles. He was ridden with pain and his head was down. He stood there, his body covered with blood. It was a very pitiful sight.

Then came what the Spanish so quaintly call, *La Hora de la Verdad*, which translated into English, means, "The Moment of Truth." As the matador stands before the bull for the kill, he is supposed to be facing death, and all his sins, past and present, flash before his mind's eye, and his soul becomes as pure as driven snow in preparation for his departure to the great beyond.

A very pretty sentiment, if that is what *really* happens. Death is something a matador like Dominguin isn't thinking about as he faces the bull, because the kill is about as dangerous as running his long sword through the body of a wounded rabbit.

The band began playing and the trumpets blared. Luis Miguel Dominguin was walking alone to the President's box to ask some fair lady there for permission to kill the bull. It is quite an honor for the lady chosen.

The bull wasn't much interested in what was going on. The poor beast must have realized he was as good as dead! Back with the bull, Dominguin tried to play ring-a-leavio with his *muleta*, the small red cape concealing the sword used for the kill. The bull didn't want to play. He was too tired, too weak and too crazed from pain and the smell of his own blood.

After a little more dancing around, which brought wild screams from the crowd, Dominguin prepared for the finale. The matador doesn't kill the bull. He only wounds it by running his long sword between its shoulder blades. This requires a good aim as the area for the sword is very small.

The great matador hit the spot near



and clean, and his blade went in to the hilt. The bull sank to the ground, blood gushing from its mouth. He kept groaning. An attendant with a small revolver placed its muzzle against the fallen animal's head and pulled the trigger.

This was the *coup de grace*. The bull was dead! The crowd was as hysterical as teen-age girls listening to Elvis Presley, and they shouted their approval until both of the ears of the dead bull were awarded to the matador. The awarding of the ears is a great honor only occasionally bestowed upon a matador. An attendant, having cut the ears from the dead bull, handed them to Dominguin, who wrapped them in a silk handkerchief. With a sweeping bow, the matador presented them to a fortunate lady in the President's box.

I felt sick all over. "The Moment of Truth" left me feeling like I had just seen some brute kill a helpless dog! I wanted to vomit. The Colonel got up and announced, "I am leaving. It's brutal, cowardly, beastial!"

I thought Fred was going to cry. "Colonel," he pleaded, "it's a great insult to these people to leave before the third bull is killed."

"Insult, hell," the Colonel roared. So loudly that the crowd turned and looked at us.

Again Fred called on the Colonel's career in the British Foreign Office to keep him from leaving the Plaza. This must have been damned important in the Colonel's life. He sat down and grumbled something about brutes who go to bullfights. His face was still very white and I wasn't sure just *how* long he was going to sit there quietly.

The bugle sounded again and the second bull came charging out of the pen. It was a fine looking beast, but he was different from the first. This one was nonchalant and didn't give a damn about anything. He refused to charge at the picadors at the fence. He just pawed the dirt and looked around casually.

At these festive occasions of blood, six bulls are killed. There are two matadors, a famous one and often a *novillero*, which means a beginner. This youngster was short and squat, and as aggressive as a dog after a bitch in heat. He pranced around the bull with his long cape, but the bull wasn't interested. It was very embarrassing for the *novillero*, and he became extremely mad.

The bull was happily unconcerned and, after a while, the matador and caudilleros gave up and left the arena. The picadors on their ancient horses didn't have any better luck. The bull took the lance thrusts in the back, pawed a little, but didn't rip open the bellies of the horses.

All this was nice. Seeing horses with their entrails hanging out is not appetizing. The bull's inactiveness made things easy for Fred. He didn't have to struggle to hold the Colonel under control. The banderilleros came out with lances. The bull took these without getting mad.

It seemed terrible that such a good-natured beast would have to die. The crowd wasn't screaming as much, and I could feel its tension.

This bull wasn't going to get crazy mad. A gentle bull is a dangerous bull. He doesn't keep his head down like a crazy bull does. The head not down

spells danger to the matador. This young matador received permission for the kill. The silence of the crowd gave me an ominous feeling.

I don't remember the name of that second matador. Not many people in Venezuela know it today. Nothing is as transitory as a matador, especially a beginner. One slip, and the aspiring youth passes into total oblivion, which is where this *novellero* went!

An experienced matador would never have attempted the kill at that particular time. This youngster was an eager-beaver. "The Moment of Truth" was the *real McCoy* for this young fool! As he lunged with his sword pointing at the spot between the shoulder blades of the beast, the bull brought his head up and the youngster went up with it, flying high with one horn of the animal goring his loin.

I was on my feet yelling like no Dodger fan ever yelled for the Bums! I was naive enough to think the bull had won. Colonel Cosgrove had the same idea. He was jumping up and down, with a grin a mile wide, waving his arms and yelling louder than I, which was some achievement.

Of the thousands in the arena, we were the only two shouting and screaming this time! It was a foolish thing to do, as it is a grave and solemn occasion in the Plaza when a matador is gored. The bull is the enemy, and *nobody* cheers the enemy!

Our pangs of victory were short-lived. A low rumbling of rage rose all around us. This rumbling hit us with

the force of a mountain falling. I was knocked back. Pop bottles flew our way. I saw the Colonel sending out right and lefts that were amazing coming from a man of his age. It was a free-for-all—the revolution had begun!

Then, from above us came the cascades of water . . . Torrents of it from the hoses. It lashed us around like bobbing corks. We were hustled out of the arena by the police in a way that was far from friendly!

Outside, we picked ourselves up. We looked and felt like drowned chickens. Fred was nearly in tears. He asked me,

"Why . . . why did you yell when that brave matador was gored?"

"The bull won," I answered. "I was cheering the bull!"

"You crazy fool," Fred groaned. "You should be so ignorant as not to know that no bull ever wins in the ring! Even now, the great and brave Luis Miguel is killing the beast. Should he fail, there are others ready to avenge the goring of that youngster."

"What a hell of a sport bullfighting is," I said with indignation.

Fred turned to Colonel Cosgrove. The Colonel said, "You and your damned bullfights!" He spat at a colorful poster on a nearby adobe hut that advertised the sport. His action expressed my sentiments exactly, but I was too tired, too wet and too damned disgusted to express them.

I do not believe I will read any more novels by Mr. Hemingway!

BLONDE IN YOUR CLOSET

(continued from page 42)

feet, Morgan), will look much nicer this year. The colors are manageable and compatible with almost any suit and slacks you may choose to wear with them. They sound awfully interesting. For example: Burnt ivory, Scotch tweed, weather grain, Havana leaf, etc., ad infinitum.

But, the *must* is an ivy-league suede boot, great for those nights up at Stowe, after skiing all day, or any place you do your sporting. This shoe comes with a slide-in or loop-the-elastic lace, and soft pile lining throughout, in muted stripes. This is very royal foot warming, indeed.

We hope you have enjoyed reading about those things which are trivial in the face of graver and larger issues in the world, but which touch in some small way on every man's life. May we even suggest that, a bright new appearance presented to the world can be of inestimable value whatever your particular field of battle may be. Be it college, advertising agency, TV, art or industrial.

Of course you all know how we women feel about dressing . . . and so did Nietzsche, when the old dear said, "Has a woman who knew that she was well-dressed ever caught a cold?"

Can you men do less?

Your gal, Dorothy

• End

• End



"The butler did it!"



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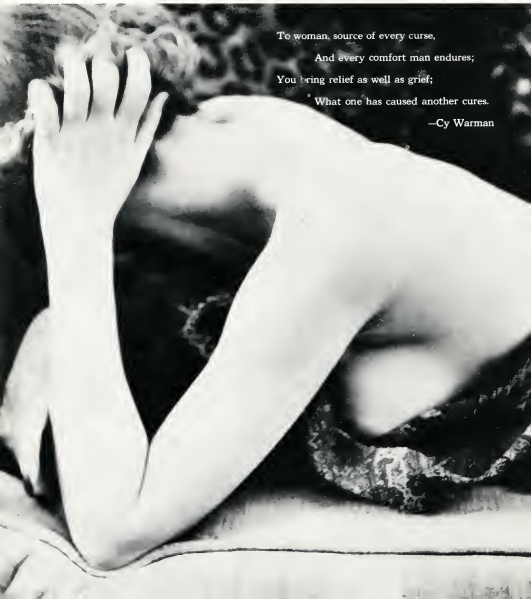
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A GENTLEMAN'S TOAST TO WOMEN

ALFRED BRANDLER PHOTOGRAPH



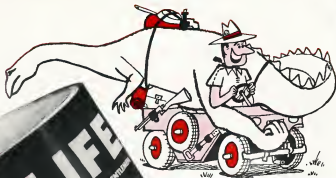
To woman, source of every curse,
And every comfort man endures;
You bring relief as well as grief;
What one has caused another cures.

—Cy Warman

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